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ARGALUS

A N D

PARTHENIA

WRITTEN BY *A*
FR. A. QUARLES:

Author of the EMBLEMS.



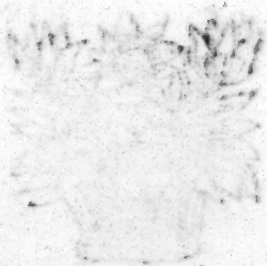
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To the Reader.

READER,

Present thee here with an History of Argalus and Parchenia, the fruits of broken hours. It was a Ciens taken out of the Orchard of Sir Philip Sidney, of precious Memory; which I have lately grafted upon a Crab-stock, in mine own. It hath brought forth many Leaves, and promises pleasing fruit, if malevolent eyes blast it not in the Bud. This book, differs from my former, as a Courtier from a Church-man: But if any think it unfit for one to play both parts, I have Presidents for it; and let such know that I have taken but one play day in six: However, I would beshew that band that bin is them all together to make one Volum. In this discourse, I have not off-ended to thy understanding on the Rack by the Tyranny of wrong Lines which (as they fabulously report of China Dishes) are made for the third Generation to make use of, and are the meer itch of wit, under the colour of which many have ventured (trusting to the Oedipean conceit of their ingenious reader) to write non-sense, and feloniously faither the created expositions of other men; not unlike some Painters who first make the Picture, then from the opinion of better Judgments conclude whom it resembles. These Lines are strong enough for my purpose; If not for them, yet read them; and let understandings may be magnified by their weakness. Reader, thou shalt in the progress of this Story, meet with a seeming Solecism, which is this: Demagoras

To the Reader.

his so foul a deed perpetrated upon the fair Parthenia is fully exprest; and yet, the revenge thereof past over in silence, wherein (as I conceive) I have not dealt unjustly. When Prometheus stole fire from Heaven to animate and quicken his artificial Bodies, the severer God for punishment of so high a sacrilege, struck him not dead with a sudden Thunder-bolt, but (to be more deeply avenged) let him live to be Tormented with Vultures, continually gnawing on his Liver. The same kind of torture had Ixion: So had Sisyphus, so had Tantalus: Did then Demagoras's fault equal (if not exceed) theirs, and should his punishment be less? Had my Pen delivered him dead into your hands, what could you have had more? His accursed memory had soon rotted with his baser name, and there had been an end of him: In which respect, I have suffered him to live, that he may stand like a Jack of Lent or a Shroving Cock, for every one to spend a Gudget at, to the World's end. Ladies (for in your Silken Laps I know this Book will chuse to lie, which being far fetched, if the Stationers be wise, will be most fit for you) my suit is, That you would be pleased to give the fair Parthenia your noble entertainments: She hath crossed the Seas for your acquaintance, and is come to live and die with you: To whose gentle hands I recommend her, and kiss them.

4 JY 59

Doublin, this Fourth
of March. 1621.

Fr. Quarles,

Argalus

Argalus and Parthenia.

BOOK. I.

Within the limits of th' *Arcadian* Land,
 Whose grateful bounty hath enrich'd the
 Of many a Shepherd Swain, whose rural
 (Untaught to gloaze, or with a double heart
 To vow dissembled Love) did build to Fame
 Eternal Trophies of a Pastoral Name:
 That sweet *Arcadia*; which, in ancient days
 Was wont to warble out her well tun'd lays
 To all the World, and with her Oaten Reed,
 Did sing her Love whilst her proud flocks did feed:
Arcadia, whose deserts did claim to be
 As great a share in the *Daphnean* Tree,
 As his, whose louder *Aeneid* proudly sings
 Heroick Conquests of victorious Kings:
 There (if th' exuberance of a word may swell
 So high, that Angels may be said to dwell)
 There dwelt that *Virgin*, that *Arcadian* glory
 Whose rare composure did abstract the story
 Of true Perfection, modellizing forth
 The height of beauty, and admired worth:

Her name *Parthenia* whole unnam'd descent,
Can serve but as a needless Complement.
To guild Perfection: She shall boast, alone,
What bounteous Art and Nature makes her own.
Her Mother was a Lady, whom deep Age
More fill'd with Honour than Diseases; sage,
A modest Matron, strict, reserv'd, austere,
Sparing of speech, but lib'ral of her Ear;
Fierce to her Foes, and violent where she likes;
Wedded to what her own Opinion strikes:
Frequent in Alms and Charitable Deeds,
Of mighty Spirit constant to her *Beals*,
Wisely suspicious, but what need we other
Than this? She was the fair *Parthenia's* Mother,
That rare *Parthenia*, in whose Heavenly Eye
Sits Maiden mildness, mixt with Majesty;
Whose secret Power has a double skill,
By frowns or smiles, to make alive or kill,
Her Cheeks are like two Banks of fairest Flowers
Inrich with sweetness from the Twi-light shower
Whereon those jurs, which were so often bred,
Composed were 'twixt the white and red;
Her Hair wrought down beneath her Ivory Knee
As if that Nature to so rare a Piece,
Had meant a Shadow; labouring to show,
And boast the utmost that her hand could do;
Like smallest Flax appear'd her Nymph-like Hair
But only Flax was not so small, so fair;
Her Lips like Rubies, and you'd think, within,
Instead of Teeth, that orient *Pearls* had been;
The whiteness of her dainty Neck you know
If ever you beheld the new falln Snow;
Her Swain-like Breasts were like to little *Spheres*,
Wherein, each azure line in view appears,
Which were they obvious but to every eye,
All liberal Arts would turn *Astronomy*:

Her slender Waist, her Lilly Hands, her Arms,
I dare not set to view ; because all Charms
Forbidden are : My bathful *Muse* descends
No lower steps ; Here her *Commission* ends,
And by another Virtue doth enjoin
My Pen to treat Perfection more Divine ;
The chaste *Diana* and her Virgin Crew
Was but a *Type* of one that should ensue
In after ages, which we find exprest,
And here fulfill'd in chaste *Parthenia's Breast* ;
True vertue was the object of her Will ;
She could no ill, because she knew no ill ;
Her thoughts was noble, and her words not lavish,
Yet free, but wisely weigh'd, more apt to ravish,
Than to entice ; less beautifi'd with Art,
Than natural sweetness : In her gentle heart
Judgment transcended ; from her milder Breast
Passion was not exiled, but repress'd ;
Her voice excell'd ; nay, had you heard her voice
But warble forth, you might have had the choice
To take her for some smooth fac'd *Cherubin*,
Or else some glorious *Angel* that had been
A treble sharer in th' eternal Joys,
Such was her voice, such was her heavenly voice,
Merry, yet modest ; witty, and yet wise ;
Not apt to toy, and yet not too too nice ;
Quick, but not rash ; courteous, and yet not common,
Not too familiar, and yet scorning no Man ;
In brief who would relate her Praises well,
Must first bethink himself, what 'tis t' excel.

When these perfections had enhanc'd the Name
Of rare *Parthenia*, nimble winged *Fame*
Grew great with honour, spread her hasty Wings
Advanc'd her Trumpet, and away she springs,
And with her full mouth'd blast she doth proclaim
Th' unmat'd glory of *Parthenia's Name*,

Who now but Fair *Parthenia*? What report
 Can find admittance in th' *Arcadian* Court
 But Fair *Parthenia's*? Every solemn Feast
 Must now be sweetned, honoured and possess'd
 With high discourses of *Parthenia's* glory.
 And every Mouth must breath *Parthenia's* Story
 The Poet summons now his amorous Quill,
 And scorns assistance from the Sacred Hill:
 The sweet-lip'd Orator takes in hand to raise
 His prouder stile to speak *Parthenia's* praise.
 The curious Painter wisely doth displace
 Fair *Venus*, sets *Parthenia* in her Place.
 The pleader burns his Books, disdains the Law,
 And falls in love with whom his eyes ne're saw
 Healths to the fair *Parthenia* fly about

At every board, whilst others, more devout,
 Build Idols to her and adore the same,
 And Parrots learn to prate *Parthenia's* name:
 Some trust to fame, some secretly disprize
 Her worth; some emulate, and some envies:
 Some doubt, some fear, lest lavish Fame bely her,
 And all that dare believe report, admire her.

Upon the borders of the *Arcadian* land
 Dwelt a *Laconian* Lord, Of proud command,
 Lord of much people, youthful and of Fame,
 More great than good, *Demagoras* his name;
 Of stature tall, his body spare and meager,
 Thick shouldred, hollow cheek'd, and visage eager,
 His gashly countenance swarthy, long and thin,
 And down each side of his reverted Chin
 A lock of black neglected Hair (befriended
 With Warts too ugly to be seen) descended;
 His rouling eyes were deeply sunk, and hiew'd
 Like fire; 'Tis said they blister'd where they view'd,
 Upon his shoulders from his fruitful Crown
 Rugged crop of Elf-Locks dangled down:

Book 1. *Argalus and Parthenia.* 5

His hide all hairy ; garnish his attire,
 And his Complexion meerly Earth and Fire ;
 Reverse to all ; extenuating what
 Another did, because he did it not ;
 Maligning all Mens actions but his own,
 Not loving any, and belov'd by none ;
 Revengeful, envious, desperately stout,
 And in a Word, to paint him fully out,
 That had the Monopoly, to fulfil
 All vice, the *Hieroglyphick* of all ill.
 He view'd *Parthenia's* face. As from above,
 Fire-balls of lightning hurl'd by angry *Jove*.
 Confound th' unarm'd beholder at a blow,
 And leave him ruin'd in the place : Even so
 The Peerless beauty of *Parthenia's* eyes,
 At the first sight did conquer and surprize
 The lavish thoughts of his amazed lover,
 Who void of strength to hide, or to discover
 The tyrannous scorching of his sacred fires,
 Prompted by Passion, with himself conspires :
 ' Accurs'd *Demagoras* ! Into what a Fever
 Hath one look struck thy soul ? O never, never
 To be h're cur'd ! If I had done amiss.
 Hath Heaven noeasier Plagues in store but this ?
Promethus pains are not so sharp as these,
 Our sins yet labour'd both of one disease,
 Our faults are equal. Both stole fire from Heaven,
 Our faults alike, why are our Plagues uneven ?
 Be just, O make not such unequal odds
 Of equal sins, Be just, or else no Gods :
 Why send ye down such Angels to the Earth,
 To mock poor mortals ? Or of mortal birth ?
 If such a Heaven-like Paragon may be,
 Why do ye not wound her as well as me ;
 But why do I implore your aids in vain,
 That are the highest Agents in my pain,

Poor

• Poor wretch ! What hope of help can ye assure me
• When only she that made the wound can cure me
• Divine *Parthenia*, Earth's unvalu'd Jewel:
• Would thou hadst been less glorious or less cruel
• When first thine eyes did to these eyes appear
• I read the History of my ruin there,
• My necessary ruin: Heaven nor Hell,
• Can Salvemy sores, by help of Prayer and Spell;
• Gods are unjust; and if, with charms, I haunt her
• Her eyes are Counter-charms, t' enchant the end
• Why do I thus exulcerate my disease; (chanter
• By adding torments, hope I to find ease?
• Is not her cruelty enough alone,
• But must I bring fresh torments of my own?
• Cheer up *Demagoras*; 'Tis a wise Man's part
• Not to lose all, if his unpractis'd art
• Serves not to gain, A Gamester may not chuse
• His chance? It is some conquest, not to lose,
• Look to thy self: Let no injurious blast
• Of cold despair chill thy green wounds too fast
• For time to cure: O hope for no remission
• Of pain, till *Cupid* send thee a Physician.
• She is a Woman, if a Woman, then
• My title's good: Women were made for Men.
• She is a Woman, though her heavenly brow
• Write *Angel*, and may stoop, although not now.
• Woman, by looks will not be understood
• Until their hearts advise with flesh and blood.
• She is a Woman. There's no reason why
• But she (perchance) may burn as well as I.
• Move then, *Demagoras*, let *Parthenia* know
• The strength of her own Beauty, in thy woe:
• Fear not, what thou ador'st, begin to move,
• Christ's Cross, foreruns the *Alphabet* of love.
• 'Tis half perfected, what is once begun;
• She is a Woman, and she must be won.

Like

Like as a Swain, whose hands have made a vow,
 And sworn allegiance to the peaceful Plow,
 Rest out for service in the Martial Camp,
 At first (unenter'd) finds a lively damp
 Eleag'ring every joint, as often swounds
 As here he views his Sword, or thinks of wounds;
 At length (not finding any means for flying,
 Witch and Spurr'd on with desp'rate fear of dying)
 He hews, he hacks, and in the midst he goes,
 And freshly deals about his frantick blows,
 Even so *Demagoras* whose unbred fashion
 Had never yet subscrib'd to Love's sweet passion,
 Being call'd a Combatant to *Cupid's* field,
 Trembles, and secretly resolves to yield
 The day without a Parley, till at length,
 Piercely transporting by the untott'rd strength
 Of his own passion, he himself assures,
 That des'prate torments must have des'prate cures,
 And thus to the divine *Parthenia's* ears
 Applies his Speech, devoid of doubts and fears.
 ' Fairest of Creatures, if my ruder Tongue
 To right it self, should do your patience wrong,
 And lawless passion make it too too free,
 O blame your heavenly beauty and not me:
 It was those eyes, those precious eyes that first
 Enforc'd my Tongue to speak, or Heart to burst
 From those dear eyes I first receiv'd that wound
 Which seeks for cure and cannot be made sound,
 But by the hand that struck; To you alone,
 I sue for help, that else must look for none,
 Then crown my joyes, thou *Antidote* of despair
 And be as merciful as thou art fair;
 Nature (the bounties of whose liberal hand
 Made thee the Jewel of the *Arcadian* Land)
 Intended in so rare a prize to boast
 Her master-piece; Hid Jewels are but lost;
 Shine

Shine then, and rob not nature of her due,
 But honour her, as she hath honour'd you,
 Let not the best of all her works lie dead
 In the nice casket of a Maiden-head;
 What she would have reveal'd, O do not smother
 Th'art made in vain, unless thou make another
 Give me thy heart, and for that grief of thine
 Lest thou should want a heart, I'll give thee mine
 As richly fraught with love, and lasting duty,
 As thou with virtue, or thine eyes with beauty
 Why dost thou frown? why doth that heavenly
 (brow
 Not made for wrinkles, shew a wrinkle now?
 Send forth thy brighter Sun-shine, and the while
 O lend me but the twilight of a smile.
 Give me one amorous glance; why stand'st thou
 (murmur
 Disclose those ruby Lips, and grant my suit;
 Speak (Love,) or if thy doubtful mind be bent
 To silence, let that silence be consent,
 Nor beg I love of alms, although in part,
 My words may seem t' emplead my own desert.
 Disdain me not, although my thoughts descend
 Below themselves, t' enjoy so fair a friend
 I, that have oft with tears been sought to sue
 And Queens have been his servants, that serves you
 The beauties of all *Greece* have been at strife
 To win the name of great *Demagoras* wife,
 And been despis'd not worthy to obtain
 So high an honour; what they sought (in vain)
 I here present thee with, as thine own due,
 It being an honour fit for none but you;
 Speak then (my love) and let thy Lips make known
 That I am either thine, or not my own.
 Have you beheld when fresh *Aurora's* eye
 Sends forth her early beams, and by and by

Withdraw

Withdraws the glory of her face, and shrouds
 Her Cheek behind a ruddy mask of Clouds,
 Which, who believe in *Erra Pater* say,
 Rescues wind and blustering storms that day.
 Such were *Parthenia*'s looks; in whose fair face
 Roses and Lillies, late had equal place.
 But now, 'twixt Maiden bashfulness, and spleen,
 Roses appear'd and Lillies were not seen
 She paus'd a while, till at last, she breaks
 Her long kept angry silence, thus, and speaks.

'My Lord,
 Had your strong Oratory but the art,
 To make me conscious of so great desert,
 As you perswade, I should be bound in duty
 To praise your Rhet'rick as you praise my beauty;
 Or if the frailty of my judgment could
 Flatter my thoughts so grossly, as to hold
 Your words for current, you might boldy dare
 Count me as foolish, as you term me fair,
 If you vie Courtship. Fortune knows that I
 Have not so strong a game, to see the vie;
 Alas! My skill durst never undertake
 To play the game, where hearts be set at stake;
 Needs must the loss be great, when such have bin
 Seldom observ'd to save themselves that win;
 You crave my Heart, my Lord, you crave withal,
 Too great a mischief; My poor heart's too small
 To fill the concave of so great a breast
 Whose thoughts can scorn the amorous request
 Of love-sick Queens, and can requite the vain
 And factious suits of Ladies with disdain;
 Stoop not so low beneath your Self (great Lord)
 To love *Parthenia*; Shall so poor a word
 Stain your fair lips, whose merits do proclaim
 A more transcendent Fortune, than that name

• Can give; Call down *Jove's* winged Pursuivant
• And give; his tongue the power to enchant
• Some easie Goddess in your name, and treat
• A Marriage fitting so sublime, so great
• A Mind as yours, and fill the fruitful Earth
• With *Heroes*, sprung from so divine a Birth;
• *Parthenia's* heart could never yet aspire
• So high; Her home bred thoughts durst ne're desire
• So fond an honor matcht with so great pride,
• To hope for that which Queens have been deny'd
• Be wise, my Lord; vouchsafe not to repeat
• S'unsit a suit; Be wise as you are great;
• Advance your noble thoughts hazard no more
• To wreck your fortunes on so fleet a shore,
• That to the wiser world, it may be known,
• The less y're mine, the more you are your own

Like as a guilty prisoner, upon whom
Offended Justice lately past her doom
Stands trembling by, and hopeles to prevail,
Bauls not for mercy: But to the loath'd Jail
Drags his sad Irons, and from thence commend
A hasty suit to his selected friends,
That by the virtue of a quick Reprieve,
The wretch might have some few days more to live:
Even so *Demagoras*, whose re-wounded heart
Had newly felt the unexpected smart
And secret burthen of his desperate doom,
Replies not, takes no leave, but quits the room,
And in his discontented mind, revolves
Ten thousand thoughts, and at the last resolves
What course to run, relying on no other
But the assistance of *Parthenia's* Mother.
Forthwith his fierce misguided passion drove
His wandering steps to the next neighbouring grove;
A keen Steeletto in his trembling hand
He rudely grip'd; upon his Lips did stand,

Argalus and Parthenia.

II

Mingle thy words with sighs, and it is meet,
 If thou canst force a tear, to let her see't,
 Against thy will. Let thy false tongue forbear
 No vows, and tho' thou bee'st forsworn, yet swear;
 If e'er thy barren lips shall chance to pause,
 For want of words, Parthenia is the cause,
 Who hath benum'd thy heart, if e're they go
 Beyond their lists, Parthenia made them so;
 Withal, be sure, when ere thou shalt advance
 The daughters virtues, let thy glory glance
 Upon the prudent Mother; Women care not
 To hear too much of virtue, if they share not,
 When thus thou hast prepar'd thy melting ear
 To oft attention, closely in the rear
 Of thy discourse, prefer thy sad Petition
 That she would please to favour the condition
 Of a distressed lover, and afford
 In thy behalf, a Mothers timely word;
 So shall thou wreak thy vengeance by a wife,
 And make the Mother Baul to her own child.

He paused not, but like a rash Projector
 (Whole Frantick Passion was supreme Director
 Fixt his first thoughts, impatient of the second,
 Which might been bettered by advice, and reckon
 All time but lost, which he bestowed not
 On th' execution of his hopeful plot;
 Forthwith his nimble paces he divided
 Towards the Summer Palace, where resided
 The fair Parthenia's Mother; boldly enters,
 And after mutual complements adventures
 To break the Ice of his dissembled grief;
 Thus he complains, and thus he begs relief.

Madam,

The hopeful thriving of my suit depends
 Upon your goodness, and it recommends

self into your favour, from whose hand
must have sentence, or to fall, or stand;
rice three times hath the Sovereign of the night,
pair'd her empty horns with borrowed light.
nce these sad eyes, these beauty blasted eyes,
ere stricken by a light that did arise
om your blest womb, whose unasswaged smart
th pierc'd my soul, and wounded my poor Heart :
is the fair Parthenia, whose divine
nd glorious virtue led these eyes of mine
their own ruin ; Like a wanton Fly,
dallied with the flame of her bright eye,
ll I have burn'd my wings, O, if to love
e held a sin, the guilty gods above
Being fellow sinners with us, and commit
he self same crimes) may easily pardon it.
thrice divine Parthenia that hast got
sacked priviledge which the gods have not,
thou hast doom'd that I shall be bereaven
my loath'd life, yet let me die forgiven
nd welcom death that with one happy blow
ives me more ease, than life could ever do,
adam, to whom should my sad words appeal
ut you ? Alas to whom should I reveal
y dying thoughts, but unto you that gave
eing to her, that hath the power to save
y wasted life ! the language of a Mother
oves more than tears, that trickle from another,
ith that a well dissembled drop did slide
om his false eyes. The Lady thus reply'd.
My Honourable Lord,
my untimely answer hath prevented
me farther words, your passion would have vented
ardon my haste which is a rude fashion
ught only to divide you from your passion ;
e love you bear Parthenia, must claim

(Though from an absent mind, as yet unknown)
 Return I thanks with interest of mine own.
 The little judgment, that the gods have lent
 Her downy Tears (though in the small extent)
 Does challenge the whole freedom of her choice;
 In the resignation of a Mothers voice;
 The sprightly fancies of a Virgins mind
 Enter themselves, and hate to be confin'd;
 The hidden Embers of a lovers fire
 Desires no bellows, but their own desires;
 And like to Dedalus his Forge, if blown,
 Burns dim and dies, blazes, if let alone;
 Lovers affect without advisement, that
 Which being most perswaded to, they hate;
 My Lord, adjourn your passion, and refer
 The fortune of your suit to time, and her,
 Like to a Pinnacle is a Lover's mind,
 The Sail his fancy is; a storm of wind
 His uncontroled passion; the Steers.
 His Reason; Rocks and Sands, are doubts and fears;
 Your storm being great, like a wise Pilot bears
 But little Sail, and stoutly ply the Steers
 Leave then the violence of your thoughts to me
 My Lord, too hasty gamesters over-see.
 Go, move Parthenia, and let Juno's blessing
 Attend your hopeful suit, in the suppressing.
 Loves Common evils: And if her warm desire
 Shew but a spark, leave me to blow the fire,
 Go, lose no time: Lovers must be laborious;
 My Lord, go prosper, and return victorious.

With that Demagoras (prostrate on the ground
 As if his ears had heard the blessed sound,
 Wherewith the Delphian Oracle acquits
 The accepted Sacrifice) performs the Rites
 Of quick devotion, to that heavenly voice,
 Which fed his Soul with the malignant joys

vow'd revenge, up from the floor he starts,
 presses the tongue that blest him, and departs.
 By this time had the Heaven-surrounding Steeds,
 sell'd their proud Courage, turn'd their fainting
 (heads,
 to their lower Hemisphere, to cool
 their flaming Nostrils in the Western Pool,
 when as the dainty and malicious Air
 had bid the Lady of the Palace share
 her refined pleasures, and invited
 her gentle steps, fully to be delighted
 in those sweet walks, where *Flora's* liberal hand
 had given more freely, than to all the Land.
 there walked she, and in her various mind,
 projects and casts about which way to find
 the progress of young *Parthenia's* heart;
 takes this way; Then a second thought does thwart
 the first, like that way, then a third the second,
 one while she likes the match, and then she reckon'd
Demagoras virtues; Now her fear entices
 her thoughts to alter, then she counts his vices;
 sometimes she calls his vows and oaths to mind,
 another while thinks oaths and words but wind.
 she likes, dislikes, her double thoughts to vary;
 resolves, and then resolves the quite contrary.
 one while she fears that his malign aspect
 Will give the Virgin cause to disaffect:
 And then propounds to her ambitious thoughts
 his wealth, the golden cover of all faults:
 And from the *Chaos* of her doubt, digests
 her fears; creates a world of wealth, and rests.
 With that, she streight unfixt her fastned eyes
 from off the ground; and looking up, espies
 The Fair *Parthenia* in a lovely bower,
 spending the treasure of an Evening Hour;

There sat she, reading the sweet sad discourtes
 Of *Chariclea's* love; the enter-courses
 Of whose mixt fortunes taught her tender heart
 To feel the self same joy, the self same smart;
 She read, she wept, and as she wept, she smil'd
 As if her equal eyes had reconcil'd
 Th' extremes of joy and grief; she clos'd the Book
 Then open'd it, and with a milder look,
 She pities lovers; Musing then a while,
 She teacheth smiles to weep, and tears to smile;
 At length, her broken thoughts she thus discovers.

Unconstant state of poor distressed lovers!

*Is all extreme in love? No mean at all
 No draught indifferent? Either Honey or Gall
 Hath Cupid's universe no temp'rate Zone?
 Either a torrid, or a frozen one*

Alas, Alas, poor Lovers! As she spake
 Those words from her disclosed Lips, there brak
 A gentle sigh; and after that another;
 With that, slept in her unexpected Mother.

Have ye beheld, when *Titan's* lustful head
 Hath newly div'd into the Sea-green Bed
 Of *Thetis*, how the bashful horizon
 (Enforc'd to see what should be seen by none)
 Looks red for shame and blushes to discover
 Th' incestuous pleasures of the Heav'n-born love
 So look'd *Parthenia*, when the sudden eye
 Of her unwelcome Mother did destroy
 Her secret Passion; The Mother's smile
 Brought forth the Daughter's blush, and level coy
 They smil'd and blusht, one smile begat another
 The Daughter blusht, because the jealous Mother
 Smil'd on her; and the silent Mother smil'd
 To see the conscious blushing of her Child:
 At length grown great with words, she did awak
 Her forced silence, and she thus bespake;

Blush not, my fairest Daughter, tis no shame
 To pity lovers, or lament that flame,
 Which worth and beauty kindles in the breast;
 'Tis Charity to succour the distressed.
 The disposition of a generous heart
 Takes every grief her own; At least, her part.
 What marble, ah what adamantin ear
 Could hear the flames of Troy, without a Tear?
 Much more the scorching of a lovers fire,
 (Whose desperate jewel is his own desire)
 May boldly challenge every gentle heart
 To be joynt-tenant in his secret smart;
 Why doth thou blush? Why did those Early tears
 Hide down; Fear not, this Arbor hath no ears;
 There's none but we, speak then, it is no shame
 To shed a tear, thy Mother did the same;
 Nay, hath the winged wanton, with his dart,
 Sent e'er a message to thy wounded heart?
 Speak in the name of Hymen, I conjure thee;
 If so, I have a Balsam will recure thee.
 I fear, I fear, the young Laconian Lord
 Hath lately left some indigested word
 In thy cold stomach, which for want of art,
 I doubt I doubt lies heavy at thy heart,
 If that be all, revealing brings relief;
 Silence in love, but multiplies a grief;
 And sorrow's desperate, not to be endur'd
 Which being but disclos'd is easie cur'd.
 Perchance thou lov'st Demagoras, and would'st smother
 The close affection from thy angry Mother,
 And reap the dainty fruit of love unseen;
 I did the like, or thou had'st never been.
 Stolen goods are sweetest. If it be thy mind
 To love in secret. I will be as blind.
 As he that wounded thee; or if thou dare
 Acquaint thy Mother, then a Mothers care

Shall be redoubled till thy thoughts require
The sweet fruition of thy choice desire;
Thou lov'st Demagoras: If thy Lips deny,
Thy conscious Heart must give thy Lips the lie;
And if thy liking countermand my will,
The punishment shall be to love him still;
Then love him still, and let his hopes inherit
The Crown belonging to so fair a merit;
His thoughts are noble, and his fame appears
To speak, at least, an age above his Years;
The blood of his increasing honour Springs
From the high stock of the Arcadian Kings.
The Gods have blest him with a liberal hand,
Enrich him with the prime of all the Land;
Honour and Wealth attend his Gates, and what
Can be command that he possesseth not?
All which and more (if Mothers can divine)
The fortune of thy Beauty hath made thine;
He is thy Captive, and thy Conquering eyes
Have took him Prisoner, he submits, and lies
At thy dear mercy, hoping ne're to be
Ransom'd from death, by any price, but thee.
Wrong not thy self, in being too too nice,
And what (perchance) may not be proffer'd twice
Accept at first it is a foolish mind
To be too coy; Occasion's bald behind,
Tis not the common work of every day
To offer such offers; take them while you may,
Times after; Youth and Beauty are but blasts,
Use then thy time, whilst Youth and Beauty lasts;
For if that loath'd and infamous reproach,
Of a stale Maid, but offer to encroach
Upon Opinion, th' art in estimation,
Like Garments kept till they be out of fashion;
Thy worth, thy wit, thy virtues all must stand
Like Goods at out Cries priz'd at second hand.

Resolve thou then, & enlarge thy Virgin life
 With th' honourable Freedom of a Wife;
 And let the fruits of that blest Marriage be
 A living pledge between my Child and me.
 So said, the fair (*Parthenia*, in whose heart
 Her strong Affection yet had got the start
 Her Obedience) makes a sudden pause,
 Rives with her thoughts, objects the binding laws
 Of filial duty to her best affection,
 Sometimes submits unto her own election,
 Sometimes unto her Mother: Thus divided
 Her distracted fancy, sometimes guided
 By one desire; and sometimes by another,
 She thus reply'd to her attentive Mother;
 Madam,

Think not *Parthenia*, under a pretence
 Of silence, studies disobedience?

By the crafty slowness of Reply,
 I grow a quick advantage to Deny;
 Lies not in your power to command
 And my will; unto your tender hand
 I surrender up that little all

Give me, freely to dispose withal;
 Gods forbid, *Parthenia* should resist

At you command, command you what you list,
 Pardon me, the young *Laconian* Lord

Whom made assault, but never yet could board
 The heart of mine; I wept, I wept indeed,
 My misconstrued streams did ne're protect;

In *Cupid's* spring; This blubber'd Book makes known
 The griefs I weep, I weep not for mine own;

My lowly thoughts durst never yet aspire
 To least degree towards the proud desire

To great honour to be call'd his wife,
 Whom ambitious Queens have been at strife

To win for Love, and did strongly importune
 My heart, more pleas'd with a meaner fortune,

My Breast was Marble, and my Heart forgot
 All pity, for indeed, I lov'd him nor.
 But Madam, you, to whose more wise directions
 I bend the stoutest of my rash affections
 You have commanded, and your will shall be
 The square of my uneven desires and me,
 I'll practise duty and my deed shall shew it,
 I'll practise love, though Cupid never know it.

When great *Basilus* (he whose Princely hand
 Nourish'd long Peace in the *Arcadian Land*)
 With triumph brought to his renowned Court
 His new espoused Queen, was great resort
 Of Foreign States, and Princes, to behold
 The truth that unbeliev'd reports hath told
 Of fair *Cynecia's* worth; Thither repair'd
 The *Cyprian Nobles*, richly all repair'd
 In Warlike Furniture, and well address'd,
 With solemn Jufts to glorifie the Feast.
 Of Marriage Royal, lately past between
 Th' *Arcadian King*, and his thrice noble Queen
 The fair *Cynecia*, in whose Face and Breast
 Nature and curious Art had done their best,
 To sum that rare perfection which (in brief)
 Transcends the power of a strong belief:
 Her Syre was the *Cyprian King*, whose fame
 Receiv'd more honour from her honour'd name
 Than if he had with his victorious hand,
 Unscepter'd half the Princes in the Land;
 To tell the glory of this Royal Feast,
 The Bridegroom's state, and how the Bride was drest
 The princely Service and the rare delights,
 The several names and worth of Lords and Knights
 The quaint *Impressa's*, their deviseful shows,
 Their Martial sports, their oft redoubled blows
 The Courage of this Lord, or that proud Horse
 Who ran, who got the better, who the worst

not my talk ; nor lies it in my way,
 to make relation of it ; Heralds may.
 Her fame and honour have select'd one
 from that illustrious Crue ; and him alone
 have recommended to my careful Quill,
 forbidding that his honour should lie still
 among the rest, whom fortune and his spirit
 that day, had crown'd with a victor's merit :
 His name was *Argalus*, in *Cyprus* born :
 And (if what is not ours, may adorn
 our proper fortunes) his Blood-Royal springs
 from th' ancient stock of the great *Cyprian* Kings ;
 His out-side had enough to satisfie
 the expectations of a curious eye ;
 Nature was too too prodigal of her beauty,
 to make him half so fair, whom fame and duty
 ought to honour, call'd so often forth,
 to approve the excellency of his manly worth ;
 His mind was richly furnish'd with the treasure
 of Moral knowledge in so liberal measure
 not to be proud ; So valiant and so strong,
 of noble courage, not to dare a wrong ;
 friendly to all men, inward but with few ;
 fast to his old Friends, and unapt for new ;
 Lord of his word, and Master of his passion,
 serious in business choice in recreation ;
 not too mistrustful, and yet wisely wary ;
 hard to resolve, and then as hard to vary ;
 and to conclude, the world could hardly find
 so rare a body with so rare a mind.
 Thrice had the bright surveyor of the Heaven
 divided out the days and nights by even
 and equal hours, since this child of Fame
 (Invited by the glory of her name)
 first view'd *Parthenia's* face, whose mutual
 not equal flames, and with the secret eye

Of undisclos'd affection, joyn'd together
 Their yielding hearts, their loves unknown to either
 Both dearly lov'd; the more they strove to hide
 Their love, affection they the more descry'd,
It lies beyond the power of art to smother.

Affection, where one virtue finds another.

One was their thoughts, and their desires one,
 And yet both lov'd, unknown: Belov'd, unknown
 One was the Dart, that at the self-same time
 Was sent, that wounded her, that wounded him
 Both hop'd, both fear'd alike, both joy'd, both
 (griev'd)

Yet, where they both could help, was none relief'd
 Two lov'd, and two beloved were, yet none
 But two in all, and yet that *all*, but none
 By this time had their barren Lips betray'd
 Their timorous silence; now they had display'd
 Loves sanguine colours, whilst the winged Child
 Sate in a tree, and clapt his hands, and smil'd
 To see the combat of two wounded friends,
 He strikes and wounds himself while she defends
 That would be wounded, for her pains proceeds,
 And flows from his and from his wound she bleed
 She plays at him, and aiming at his breast,
 Pierc'd her own heart: And when his hand addres'd
 The blow to her fair bosom, there it found
 His own dear heart, and gave that heart that wound
 At length both conquer'd, and yet both did yield
 Both lost the day, and yet both won the field,
 And as the warfare of their tongues did cease,
 Their Lips gave earnest of a joyful Peace.

*But O the hideous chances that attend
 A lover's progress to his journey's end!*

*How many desperate rubs and dangers wait
 Each minute on his miserable state!*

*His hopes do build, what straits his fears destroy:
 Sometimes he surfeits with excess of joy,*

Sometimes despairing e're to find relief,
 He roars beneath the tyranny of grief;
 And when loves current runs with greatest force,
 Some obvious mischief still disturbs the course.
 For lo, no sooner the discovered flame
 Of these new parted lovers did proclaim
 Loves sacred Jubilee; but the Virgins Mother
 The posture of whose visage did discover
 Some serious matter, harb'ring in her breast)
 Enters the Room; half angry, half in jest.
 She thus began; [My dearest Child, this night,
 When as the silent darkness did invite
 Mine eyes to slumber, sundry thoughts possess'd
 My troubled mind and robb'd me of my rest;
 I slept not, till the early Bugle horn
 Of Chaunticleer had summon'd in the morn
 To attend the Light, and nurse the new born Day:
 At last when Morpheus with his Leaden Key
 Had lock'd my senses, and enlarg'd the power
 Of my heav'n guided fancy, for an hour
 I slumber'd; and before my slumbring eyes,
 One, and the self-same dream presented thrice;
 I wak'd. And being frighted at the Vision,
 Perceiv'd the Gods had made an Apparition.
 My dream was thus. Methought I saw thee sitting
 Drest like a Princely Bride, with Robes besitting
 Thy State of Majesty: Thy Nymph like Hair
 Loosely dishevel'd, and thy Brows did bear
 A Cypress wreath, and (thrice three months expired)
 The pregnant Womb grew heavy, and requir'd
 Lucina's aid; With that methought I saw
 A team of harness'd Peacocks fiercely draw
 A fiery Chariot from the flitting sky,
 Wherein there sate the glorious Majesty
 Of great Saturnia, on whose train attended
 A host of goddesses; Juno descended

From out the flaming Chariot, and blest
Thy painful Womb; Thy pains a while increas'd
At length she laid her gentle palms upon
Thy fruitful flank, and there was born a Son
She made the Mother of a smiling Boy,
And after blest thee with a Mothers joy,
She kiss the Babe, whose fortune she foretold
For on his head she set a Crown of Gold:
Forthwith, as if the Heavens had clove in sunder
Methoughts I heard the horrid noise of Thunder
The hail storm'd down and yet the sky was clear
Some Hailstones that descended did appear,
As Orient Pearls, some like refined Gold,
Whereat the goddess turn'd and said, Behold
Great Jove has sent a gift, go forth and take
Thus having spoke, she vanish, and I wak'd,
I wak'd and waking trembled, for I knew
There were no idle passages, that grew
From my distemper'd thoughts, 'Twas not a vain
Delusion roving from the troubled brain.
It was a vision, and the Gods forespake
Parthenia's fortune! Gods cannot mistake.
I like the dream, wherein the Heavens foretold
Thy joyful Marriage, and the shower of Gold
Berekened Wealth, The Infant's Golden crown
Ensuing honour, *Juno's* coming down,
A safe deliverance, and the smiling Boy
Sum'd up the total of a Mothers joy,
But what the wreath of *Cypress* (that was set
Upon thy Nuptial Brows) presage as yet
The Gods keep from me If that secret do
Portend an evil, Heav'n keep it from thee too
Advise *Parthenia*, Seek not to withstand
The plot wherein the Gods vouchsafe a hand,
Submit thy will to theirs, what they enjoyn
Must be, or lies it in my power, or thine

To contradict, Endeavour to fulfill
What else must come to pass against thy will.
Now by the filial duty thou dost bear
The Gods and me, or if ought else more dear
Can force Obedience, as thou hop'st to speed
At the Gods hand, in greatest time of need,
By Heav'n, by Hell, by all the Powers above,
I here conjure thee *Parthenia* to remove
All fond conceits that labour to disjoyn
What heaven hath knit, *Demagoras* heart and thine;
The Gods are faithful, and their wisdom know
What's better for us Mortals then we do,
Doubt not (my Child) the Gods cannot deceive,
What Heaven does offer, fear not to receive
With thankful hands; pass not so slightly over
The dear affection of so true a lover:
Pity his flames, relieve his tortur'd breast,
That finds abroad no joy, at home no rest;
But like a wounded Hart before the Hounds,
That flies with *Cupid's* javelin in his wounds;
Stir up thy rak'd up embers of desire;
The Gods will bring in fewel and blow the fire;
Be gentle; let thy cordial smiles revive
His wasted spirits, that only cares to live
To do thee honour, it was *Cupid's* will
The *Dart* he sent, shall only wound, not kill
Yield then; and let engaged Gods pour down
Their promis'd blessing on thy head and crown
Thy youth with joys, and may'st thou after be
As blest in thine, as I am blest in thee]
So said, the fair *Parthenia*, to whose heart
Her fixt desires had taught th' unwilling Art
Of disobedience, calls her Judgment in,
And, of two evils, determines it a sin
More venial by a resolute denial,
To prove undutiful, than be disloyal

To him, whose hearts a sacred Vow had tied
So fast to hers, and (weeping) thus replied,

Madam,

The angry gods have late conspir'd to show
The utmost their enraged hands could do,
And having laid aside all mercy stretch
Their power, to make one miserable wretch,
Whose curst and tortur'd soul must only be
The subjects of their wrath; and I am sh,
Hard is the case! My dear desires must fail,
My vows must crack, my plighted faith be frail;
Or else affliction must be so exil'd
A Mothers heart, that she renounce her Child.

And as she spake that word, a flowing tide
Of tears gush'd out, whose violence deny'd
Th' intended passage of her double tongue,
She stopt a while, then on her floor she flung
Her prostrate body, while her hands did tear
(Not knowing what they did) her dainty hairs
Sometimes she struck the ground, sometimes her
Began some words and then wept out the rest (breast
At last her lifeless hands, did by degrees,
Raise her cast body on her feeble knees,
And humbly rearing her sad eyes upon
Her Mothers frowning Visage, thus went on.

Upon these knees, these knees that ne're were bent
To you in vain; that never did present
Their unrewarded duty; never rose
Without a Mothers blessing; upon those,
Upon those naked knees I recommend
To your dear thoughts, those torments that attend,
Your poor Parthenia, whose unknown distress
Craves rather death, than Language to express;
What shall I do? Damagoras and death
Sound both alike to these sad ears, that breathe

That the f

that names the one, doth nominate the other :
No, no, I cannot love him my dear Mother.
Command Parthenia now to undergo
What death you please, and these quick hands shall show
The seal of my obedience in my heart,
The Gods themselves, that have a secret Art
To force affection, cannot violate
The Law of Nature, nor the course of Fate,
Can earth forget her burden and ascend ?
Or can the aspiring flames be taught to tend
To the Earth ; If Fire descend, and Earth aspire,
Earth were no longer Earth, nor Fire Fire :
Even so, by Nature, 'tis all one to me,
To love Demagoras and not to be ;
No, no, the Heavens can do no Act, that's greater,
Than (having made so) to preserve their creature ;
And think you that the righteous God will fill me
With such false joys, (as if enjoy'd) would kill me ?
I know that they are merciful, what they
Command, they give a power to obey :
The joyful Vision that your slumbring eyes
Of late beheld did promise and comprise.
A fairer fortune, than the Heavens can share
The poor Parthenia's merit ; whom despair
Hath swallow'd ; your prophetick dream descri'd
A Royal marriage ; pointed out the Bride.
Her safe deliverance ; and her smiling son ;
Honour and wealth, and after all was done,
There wants a Bridegroom, Him, the Heavens have seal'd,
Within my Breast, by me to be reveal'd,
Which if your Patience shall vouchsafe to bear,
My lips shall recommend unto your ear.
When as Basilius (may whose royal hand
Long sway the Scepter of the Arcadian Land)
From Cyprus brought his more than Princely Bride,
That the fair Cynceia, (whom at Greece deny'd

An equal ; so the world acknowledg'd none
As her superior in perfection ;)

Upon this Ladies Royal Train and State,
A great concourse of Nobles did await,
And Cyprian Princes, with their Princely Port
To see her Crown'd in the Arcadian Court ;
Illustrious Princes were they, but, as fair
As mid-night Phebe out-shines a twinkling star,
So far among this rout of Princes, one
Surpass't the rest in honour and renown
Whose perfect Virtue finds more admiration
In the Arcadian Court, than imitation
In th' ex'cellence of his outward parts, and feature,
The world conceives, the curious hand of Nature
Out-went it self : which being richly fraught
And furnish'd with transcendent worth, is thought
To be the chosen Fortress for Protection
Of all the Arts, and store-house of Perfection,
The Cyprus stock did ne're till now, bring forth
So rare a Branch, whose undervalued worth
Brings greater glory to the Arcadian Land,
Than can the dull Arcadians understand,
His name is Argalus.

He (Madam) was the Cypress wreath, that Crown'd
My nuptial brows, And now the Bridegroom's found
Cloath'd in the Mystery of that Cypress wreath
Which, since the better gods have pleas'd to breath
Into my Soul, O may I cease to be,
If ought but death part Argalus and me,
Yet does my safe obedience not withstand
What you desire or what the Gods command ;
For what the Gods command is your desire
Parthenia should obey and not respire
Against their sacred counsel, or withstand
The Plot, wherein they have vouchsaf'd a hand

We must submit our Wills, what they enjoyn
Must be, nor lies it in your power or mine,
To cross, we must endeavour to fulfill
What else must come to pass against our will,
My vows are past, and sacred Heavens decree
Nothing shall part my Argalus and me.

So said, th' impatient Mothers kindled eye
(Half clos'd with a murderous frown) let fly
A scorching fire-ball, from whence was shed
Some drops of choler, sternly shakes her head,
With trembling hands unlockt the door and flees,
Leaving Parthenia on her aking knees,
And as she fled, her fury thus began
To open, And is Argalus the Man?
But there she stops, and striving to express
What rage had prompt'd, could do nothing less.

All you whose dear affections have been tost
In Cupid's Blanket and unjustly crost
By wilful Parents, whose extreme Command,
Hath made you groan beneath their tyrannous band,
That take a furious pleasure to divorce
Your soul from your best thoughts, (Nay what is worse
Than Torture) force your fancies to respect,
And dearly love, whom most you disaffect;
Draw near, and comfort the distressed heart
Of poor Parthenia; let your eyes impart
One drop at least: And whatso'ere thou be
That readest these Lines may thy desires see
The like success, if reading thou forbear,
To wet this very Paper with a tear.

Behold (poor Lady) how an hours time
Hath pluck't her faded Roses from their prime,
Who like an unregarded ruin, lies,
With death's untimely image in her eyes,
She, she, whom hopeful thoughts had newly crown'd
With promis'd joys, lies grov'ling on the ground.

Her

Her weary hands sustains her drooping head,
 (Too soft a Pillow for so hard a Bed)
 Her eyes swollen up, as loth to see the light,
 That would discover so forlorn a sight,
 The flaxen wreath of her neglected hairs
 Stick fast to her pale Cheeks with dried tears,
 And at first blush, she seems as if it were
 Some curious statue on a Sepulchre,
 Sometimes her briny Lips would whisper thus,

My Argalus, my dearest Argalus,
 And then they clos'd again, as the one
 Had kiss the other for that service done,
 In naming *Argalus*, Sometimes oppress
 With a deep sigh, she gave her fainting Breast
 A sudden stroke and after that another,
 Cry'd, *Hard fortune, O hard-hearted Mother!*
 And sick with her own thoughts, her passion strove
 Betwixt the two extremes of grief and love,
 The more she griev'd the more love abounded,
 The more she lov'd, the more her heart was wounded
 With desp'rate grief? at length tyrannous force
 Of love and grief, sent forth this self-discourse.
 • How art thou chang'd (*Parthenia*) how hath passion
 • Put all thy thoughts and senses out of fashion?
 • Exil'd thy little judgment, and betray'd thee?
 • To thine own self? How nothing hath it made
 • How is thy wreath-beaten soul oppress (thee?)
 • With storms and tempests blown from the North-
 • Of cold despair? which, long e're this had found (east)
 • Eternal rest; had been o'er-whelm'd and drown'd
 • In the deep gulph of all my miseries,
 • Had I not pump't this water from mine eyes;
 • My *Argalus*; O where, O where art thou?
 • Thou little think'st thy poor *Parthenia* now
 • Is tortur'd for thy sake; alas (dear heart!)
 • Thou knowest not the unsufferable smart

I undergo for thee ; thou dost not keep
A Register of those sad tears I weep ;
No, no, thou dost not.

Well, well, from henceforth, *Fortune* do not spare
To do thy worst thy active mischief dare ;
Devise new torments, or repeat the old
Until thou burst, or I complain. Behold,
As bitter ; I disdain thy rage, thy power ;
Who's level'd with the earth can fall no lower ;
Do, spit thy venom forth, and temper all
Thy studied actions with the spirit of gall.
Thy practis'd malice can no harm devise
Too sure for *Argalus* to exercise,

His love shall sweeten death, and make a torture
My sportful pastime, to make hours shorter.

His love shall fill my heart, and leave no room
Wherein your rage may practise Martyrdom.

But e'er that word could usher out another,
The tender Virgins Marble hearted Mother.
Enters the Chamber ; with a chang'd aspect
Beheld *Parthenia* ; with a new respect.
Salutes her Child, and (having clos'd the door)
Her helpful arm removes her from her floor
Whereon she lay, and being set together
In gentle terms, she thus did commune with her.

¶ *Perverse Parthenia*, is thy heart so sworn
To *Argalus* his love, that it must scorn
Demag'ras ? Are your souls conjoyn'd so close,
That any entreaty may not interpose ?
If so, what help ? Yet let a Mothers care
Be not condemn'd, that bids the Child beware,
The Sickle that's too early cannot reap
A fruitful Harvest ; look before you leap,
Adjourn your thoughts, and make a wise delay
You cannot measure Virtue in a day.

Virtues appear, but Vices bask the light ;
Tis hard to read a voice at the first sight.

Exit

False are those joys, that are not mixt with doubt,
Fire easily kindled, will not easily out;
Divide that love which thou bestow'st on one,
'Tmixt two, try both, then take the best or none,
Consult with time, for time bewrays, discovers
The faith, the love, the constancy of lovers.
Acts done in haste, by leisure are repented,
And things soon past, are oft too late lamented.

With that Parthenia, rising from her place,
And bowing with incomparable grace,
Made this reply, Madam, each several day
Since first you gave this body being, may
Write a large volum of your tender care,
Whose hourly goodness, if it should compare
With my desires, alas, the world would show
Too great a sum for one poor heart to owe,
I must confess my heart is not so sworn
To Argalus his merit as to scorn.
Demagoras, nor yet so loosely ty'd
That I can slip the knot, and so divide
Entire affection, which must not be sever'd,
Nor ever can be (but in vain) endeavour'd,
My heart is one, and by one power guided
One is no number, one cannot be divided,
And Cupid's learned Schoolmen have resolv'd
That love divided, is not love dissolv'd.
But yet what plighful faith and honour may
Not now undo, your counsel shall delay.
Madam, Parthenia's hand is not so greedy,
To reap her corn, before her corn be ready.
Her unadvised sickle shall not thrust
Into her hopeful Harvest, e'er needs must.
To yours, Parthenia shall submit her skill,
Whose season shall be season'd by your will,
Her time of Harvest shall admit no measure,
But only what's proportion'd by your pleasure.

So ended she, but till that darkness got
The mastery of the light they parted not,
The Mother pleads for the *Laconian* Lord
The Daughter (whose impatience had abhorr'd
His very Name, had not her Mother spok't)
He pleads her Vow, which cannot be revok't;
Yet still the mother pleads, and does omit
No way untry'd, that a hard-hearted wit
Knows to devise, persuades, allures, intreats,
Mingles her words with smiles, with tears, with
(threats,
Commands, conjures, tries one way, tries another,
Does th' utmost that a marble-breasted Mother,
Can do, and yet the more she did apply,
The more she taught *Parthenia* to deny,
The more she did assault, the more contend,
The more she taught the Virgin to defend
At last, despairing (for her words did find
More hopes to move a Mountain than her mind)
He spake no more: But from her chair she started,
And spit these words, *Go peevish Girl!* and parted.
Away she flings, and finding no success
In her last words, her fury did address
Her raging thoughts to a new studied plot,
Actions must now enforce, what words could not,
Reason is in her thoughts, Her furious breath
An whisper now no language under death,
Poor *Argalus* must die, and his remove
Must make the passage to *Demagoras* love,
And till that bar be broken, or put by,
No hope to speed, poor *Argalus* must dye,
Demagoras is call'd to counsel now,
Consults, consents, and after mutual vow,
Resolving on the act, they both conspire,
Which way to execute their close desire,

'Drawing his keen *Steeletto* from his side,
 ' Madam (*said he*) this medicine well apply'd
 ' To *Argalus* his bosom will give rest
 ' To him, and me, The sudden way is best.
 ' My Lord, your trembling hand (*said she*) may mis-
 ' The mark and then your life in danger is
 ' Of out-cry, or perchance, his own resistance
 ' Attempts are dangerous, to so small a distance;
 ' A *Drug*'s the better weapon, which does breathe
 ' Death's secret errand, carries sudden death
 ' Clos'd up in sweetness, Come a *Drug* strikes sure
 ' And works our ends, and yet we sleep secure.
 ' My Lord bethink no other, set your rest
 ' Upon these *Cards*, The surest way is best.
 ' Leave me to manage our successful Plot,
 ' And if these studious brows contrive it not
 ' Too sure for Art of *Magick* to prevent,
 ' Ne're trust a Woman's wit, when fully bent
 ' To take revenge. Begone, my Lord, Repose
 ' The trust in me. Only be wise, be close.

That night when as the universal shade
 Of the unspangled Heaven and Earth, had made
 An utter darkness (darkness apt to further
 The horrid enterprise of rapes, and murder)
 She, she, that now lacks nothing to procure
 A full revenge she calls *Athleia* to her.

(*Parthenia's hand-maid*) whom she thus bespake
 ' *Athleia*, dare thy private thoughts partake
 ' With mine? Canst thou be secret. Has thy heart
 ' A Lock that none can pick by thievish art,
 ' Or break by force? Tell me canst thou digest
 ' A secret, trusted to thy faithful Breast
 ' Madam (*said she*) Let me never be true
 ' To my own thoughts, if ever false to you,
 ' Speak what you please, *Athleia* shall conceal,
 ' Torments may make me roar, but ne'er reveal

Reply

Reply'd the Lady then. *Athleia* knows
 How much, how much my dear affection owes
Parthenia's heart, whose welfare is the Crown
 Of all my joys, which now is overthrown.
 And deeply buried in forgotten dust,
 If thou betray the secret of my trust;
 It lieth in thy power to remove
 Approaching evils. *Parthenia* is in love;
 Her wasted spirits languish in her breast,
 And nought but look'd for death can give her rest
 'Tis *Argalus* she loves, who with disdain
 Requites her love, not loving her again;
 He slightes her tears, the more that he neglects,
 The more entirely, she (poor soul) affects.
 She groans beneath the burden of despair,
 And with her sighs she cloyes the idle air.
 Thou art acquainted with her private fears,
 And you, so oft exchanging tongues and tears,
 Must know too much, for one poor heart t' endure;
 But desperate's the wound admits no cure.
 It lies in thee to help, *Athleia* say,
 Wilt thou assist me, if I find the way?
 ' Madam, my forced ignorance shall be
 Sufficient earnest for my Secrecy.
 Your lips have utter'd nothing that is new
 To *Athleia's* ears, alas, it is too true.
 Long, long, 'ere this, your servant had reveal'd
 The same to you, had not these Lips been seal'd,
 But if my best endeavours may extend
 To bring my Ladies sorrows to an end,
 Let all the engaged Deities allot
 To me worse torment, If I do it not.
 My life's too poor to hazard for her ease;
 Madam, I'll do't, Command me what you please.
 So said; the treacherous Lady slipt aside,
 Into her serious Closet; and apply'd

Her hasty, and perfidious hands, to frame
This forged Letter, in *Parthenia's* name.

To her faithful *Argalus*.

Although the Malice of a Mother
Does yet enforce my tongue to smother
What my desire is, should flame;
Yet *Parthenia's* the same.
Although my fire be bid a while,
'Tis but fire slack'd with oyl.
Before seven Suns shall rise and fall,
It shall burn, and blaze withal.

What I send thee drink with speed,
Else let my *Argalus* take heed;
Unless thy Providence withstand,
There is treason near at hand.
Drink as thou lov'st me, and it shall secure thee
From future dangers, or from past, secure thee.
Thy constant *Parthenia*

This done and seal'd, she op'd the private door
Call'd in *Athleia*, and said, For every sore
The Gods provide a salve, force must prevail
Where sighs and tears, and deep entreaties fail.
Forthwith, from out her Cabinet she took
A little glass, and said, *Athleia*, look,
• Within these slender walls, these glazed lists,
• *Parthenia's* happiness, and life consists.
• It is *Nepenthe*; which, the factious Gods
• Do use to drink, when 'ere they be at odds:
• Whose secret virtue (so infus'd by *Jove*)
• Does turn deep hatred, into dearest love,
• It makes the proudest lover whine and bawl,
• And so to dote, as never lov'd at all.

• Her

Here, take this glass, and recommend the same
To *Argalus* in his *Parthenia's* name,
And to his hand, to his own hand commit
This Letter; between *Argalus* and it.

Let no eye come; be sure thy speed prevent
The rising Sun; and so Heaven Crown th' event.

By this the feather'd *Belman* of the night
Sent forth his midnight summons, to invite
All eyes to slumber, when they both address
Their thoughtful minds, to take a doubtful rest.

' O Heaven! And you, O you celestial Powers,
That never slumber, but employ all hours
In man's protection, still preserving, keeping
Our souls from obvious dangers, waking, sleeping,
O, can your all discerning eyes Behold
Such impious actions prosper uncontrol'd

O, can your hearts, your tender hearts endure
To see your servants (that now sleeps secure,
Unarm'd, unwarn'd, and having no defence,
But your protection, and his innocence)

Betray'd and murder'd, drawing at one breath
His own prepar'd destruction, his own death;
And will ye suffer't, he that is the crown
Of prized virtue, honour and renown.

The flower of Arts, the *Cyprian* living story,
Arcadia's Garland, and great *Greece's* glory.

The Earths new wonder, and the Worlds example
Must die betray'd. Treason and Death must trample
Upon his life: and, in the dust must lie

As much admir'd perfection, as can die,
No, *Argalus*, the coward hand of Death,
Durst ne're assault thee, if not underneath
The mask of Love. Thou art above the reach
Of open wrongs, Man's force could ne're make breach
Into thy life. No, Death could ne're uncase
Thy soul, had she appeared face to face.

• Dream, *Argalus*, and let thy thoughts be troubled
 • With murders, treasons, let thy dreams be doubled.
 • And what thy frighted fancy shall perceive,
 • Be wisely superstitious, and believe.
 • O, that my lines could wake thee now, and sever
 • Those eye-lids, that e're long must sleep for ever.
 • Waken now or never *Argalus*, and withstand
 • Thy danger. Wake, thy Murtherer's is at hand.
 • *Parthenia*, O *Parthenia*, who shall weep.
 • The World of tears? Canst thou, O canst thou sleep?
 • Will thy dull Genius give thee leave to slumber?
 • Does nothing trouble thee? No dream incumber
 • Thy frighted thoughts, and *Argalus* so near
 • His lasting hour? Not one dreaming tear?
 • Sleep on; and when thy flattering slumber's past,
 • Perchance, thine eyes will learn to weep as fast.
 • His death is plotted, and this morning light
 • Must send him down, into eternal night.
 • Nay, what is worse than worst, his dying breath
 • Will censure thee, as Agent to his Death.
 • By this, the broad fac'd *Quirister* of night
 • Surceas'd her screeching note, and took her flight
 • To the next neighbouring Ivy. Birds and Beasts
 • Forsake the warm protection of their nests,
 • And nightly Dens, whilst darkness did display
 • Her Sable Curtains to let in the Day,
 • When sad *Athleia*'s dream had unbenighted
 • Her slumbring eye, her busie thoughts were frighted
 • She rose, and trembled; and being half distraught
 • With her prophetick fears, she thus bethought.
 • What ail the Gods thus to disturb my rest,
 • And make such Earth-quakes in my troubled breast?
 • Nothing but death, and murders? Graves and Bells,
 • Frightning my fancy with their hourly Knells?
 • 'Twas nothing but a dream, and dreams, they say,
 • Amend themselves the clean contrary way.

The Riddle's read, and now I understand
My dreams intents, Some marriage is at hand,
For death interpreted is nothing else
But Marriage, and the melancholy Bells
Is mirth and musick. By the Grave, is read
The joyful, joyful marriage bed :
It is plain : And now, methinks, 'twas I
That my prophetick dream foretold should die,
If this be death, Death exercise thy power,
And let Athleia die within this hour.
Do, do thy worst, Athleia's faithful breath
Shall pray for nothing more than sudden Death.
But stay, Athleia, the too forward day
Begins to gild the East ; away, away.

So having said, the nimble finger'd Lass
Took the forg'd Letter, and the amorous glass !
And to her early progress she applies her,
Departs, and towards Argalus she bies her,
But every step she took, her mind enforc'd
New thoughts, and with her self, she thus discours'd.

How frail's the Nature of a Womans will !
How cross ! The thing that's most forbidden, still
They more desire ; and least inclin'd to do
When they are most of all perswaded to :

Had not (alas) my Lady bound these hands,
Athleia ne've had struggled with her bands :

Must not taste it ! Had she not injoy'n'd
My lips from tasting it, Athleia's mind
Had never thought on't ; now methinks I long
Desires, if once confin'd, become too strong

For Womans conquer'd reason to resist ;
Womans reason's measur'd by her list.

Long to taste, yet was there nothing did
Tope my desire, but that I was forbid.

With that, she staid her weary steps, and hasting
Unto the glass, lift up her arm, and tasted

The

That done (and having now attain'd almost
Her journeys end) the little time she lost,
New speed regains: The nimble ground she traces
With double haste, and quick redoubled paces,
All on a sudden she began to faint:

Her bowels gripe, her breath begins to taint;
Her blistred tongue grew hot, her liver glows,
Her veins do boil, her colour comes and goes,
She staggers, falls, and on the ground she lies:
Swells like a bladder, roars, and bursts, and dies.

Thus from her ruin *Argalus* derives
His longer life, and by her death he lives;
Live *Argalus*, and let the Gods allot
Such morning draughts, to those that love thee not
Live long, and let the righteous Powers above,
That have preserved thee, for *Parthenia's* love,
Crown all thy hopes, and fortunes with event
Too sure, for second treasons to prevent.
By this time, did the lavish breath of Fame
Give language to her trumpets, and proclaim
Ableia's death, the current of which news
Truth's warrant, had forbidden to abuse
Deceived ears: Which when the Lady heard,
Whose treacherous heart was greedily prepar'd
To entertain the murder; she arose
And with rude violence desperately throws
Her trembling body on the naked floor,
But what she said and did, I will deplore,
Not utter, but with forced silence smother,
Because she was the fair *Parthenia's* Mother:
May it suffice, that the extremes of shame,
And unresisted sorrow overcame
Her disappointed malice, less lamenting
The treason, than success and more repenting
Of what we fail'd to do, than what she did,
Her sullen soul despairs; her thoughts forbid

What reason wants the power to persuade;
And griefs being grown too deep for her to wade;
She sinks and with a hollow sigh she cried,
Welcome thou easer of all evils, and died.

Now tongues begin to walk; and every ear
Hath got the *Satyras* to hear
This tragick Scene: The breath of *Fame* grows bold;
Fears no repulse, and scorns to be control'd;
Whilst loud report (whose tender Lips before
Durst only whilper, now begins to roar,)
The Letter found in dead *Athleia's* breast
Bewray'd the plot, and what (before) was guess,
Is now confirm'd and clear'd, For all Men knew
Whose hand it was, and whence the malice grew.

But have we lost *Parthenia*? in what Isle
Of endless sorrow turks she all this while?
Sweet Reader, urge me not to tell, for fear
Thy heart dissolve, and melts into a tear,
Excuse my silence, if my lines should speak,
Such marble hearts as could not melt, wou'd break.
No, leave her to her self it is not fit

To write, what being read you'd wish unwrit,
I leave this task to those that take delight,
To see poor Ladies tortur'd in despite
Of all remorse, whose hearts are still at strife
To paint a torment to the very life,
I leave that task to such, as have the pow'r
To weep, and smile again within an hour,
To those whose flinty hearts are more contented
To limn a grief, than pity the tormented
Let it suffice, that had not Heaven protected
Her *Argalus*, the joys whereof corrected
That furious grief, which passion recommended
Her said thoughts, her story here had ended.

When time the enemy of *Fame* had clos'd
Her babbling lips, and gently had compos'd

Parthenia

Parthenia's sorrows rising from the ground
Her body spent with grief, and almost drown'd
In her own tears, a long expected Scene
Of better fortune enters in, to dream
Her marish eyes, her stormy night of tears
Being past, a welcome day of joy appears,
The Rock's remov'd, and Love's wide Ocean now
Gives room enough, looks with a milder brow.
Reader, forget thy sorrows, Let thy ear
Welcome the tidings thou so long'st to her,
A lover's diet's sweet commixt with sorrow;
His Hell and Heaven oft-times divides an hour.

Now *Argalus* can find a fair access
To his *Parthenia*; Now fears nothing less
Than ears and eyes; and now *Parthenia's* heart
Can give her tongue the freedom to impart
His louder welcome, whilst her greedy eye
Can look her fill, and fear no stander by:
She's not *Parthenia*, he is not present with her;
And he not *Argalus*, if not together: (chat
Their cheeks are fill'd with smiles, their tongue with
Now this they make their subject; and now, that
One while they laugh, and laughing, wrangle too
And jar as zealous Lovers use to do,
And then a kiss must make them friends again,
Faith, one's two little, Lovers must have twain
Two brings in Ten, Ten multiplies to Twenty
That to a hundred, Then because the plenty
Grows troublesome to count and doth incumber
Their Lips, their Lips gave kisses without number
Their thoughts run back to former times they told
Of all loves passages they had of old,
Of this thing done, the time, the place, and why
The manner how, and who were present by,
The Mothers craft, her undeceiv'd suspicion,
Her baited words, her marble disposition,

His pining thoughts, and her projecting fears,
His soliloquies and her secret tears,
Where first they met, th' occasion of their meeting,
Their compliments, the manner of their greeting,
His danger, his deliverance, and the reason
That first induc'd the Agents to the Treason.
Thus by the privilege of time and leisure,
Their sweet discourses (crown'd with mutual pleasure
Commixt with grief) they equal with the light,
And after grumble at the envious night,
Which bids then part too soon, what day deny'd
In words, in thoughts the tedious night supply'd.
Which blam'd the Fates for doing Lovers wrong,
To make the day so short, the night so long.

But now the little winged God repented
That he had laugh'd so much, his heart relented
His very soul grew sad, his blinded eye
Began to weep at his own tyranny,
Laments her sorrows, finds a secret way,
To make the night as pleasing as the day,
Calls *Hymen* in, and in his ears discovers,
The lingring torments of these wounded Lovers.
Gives him a Charge, no longer to defer,
T' ingross their names within his Register,
And now *Parthenia's* harvest draweth near,
(The dearly purchas'd price of many a tear)
Her joy shall reap, what a world of grief hath sown
The time's appointed and the day's set down.
Wherein sweet *Hymen*, with his nuptial bands,
Shall joyn together their espoused hands.
Here stop my muse, retire thy self and stay,
To gather breath against the Marriage-day,
Reader, the joyful bride salutes ye all,
In her behalf, if any have let fall
A tender tear, to these she makes request,
That they'll be pleas'd to grace her Marriage-Feast.

Argalus

Argalus and Parthenia.

BOOK. II.

Sail gentle Pinnacle, Now the Heavens are clear
 The Winds blow fair, Behold the Harbor's near,
 Tridented Neptune had forgot to frown,
 The Rocks are past, The storm is over-blown.
 Up weather-beaten Voyagers, and rouze ye,
 Forsake your loathed Cabbins, Up and louze ye
 Upon the open Decks, and smell the Land.
 Chear up, the welcome Shore is nigh at hand,
 Sail gentle Pinnacle, with a prosperous gale,
 To th' Isle of Peace, sail gentle, Pinnacle, sail,
 Fortune conduct thee! Let thy keel divide
 The Silver streams, that thou mayest safely slide
 Into the bosom of thy quiet Key,
 And quit thee fairly of the injurious Sea.

*Great Sea-born Queen, thy birth-right gives thee power
 To assist poor suppliants, grant one happy hour,
 O, let these wounded lovers be poss-est,
 At length, wish their so long desired rest!*

Now, now the joyful marriage-day draws on
 The Bride is busie, and the Bridegroom's gone
 To call his fellow Princes to the feast,
 The Garland's made, The Bridal Chamber's dress'd
 The Muses have consulted with the Graces
 To crown the day and honour their embraces

With

With shadow'd *Epithalms*, their warbling tongues
Are perfect in their new-made *Lyrick* songs,
When *Bacchus* begins to grumble at delay,
And *Bacchus* laughs to think upon the day;
The Virgin tapers and what other rights
Do appertain to *Nuptial* delights

Are all prepar'd, whereby may be express'd
The joyful triumph of this marriage-feast.

But stay! Who lends me now an Iron Pen;

To engrave within the Marble hearts of Men

This Tragick Scene? Which whoso'er shall read,
His eyes may spare to weep, and learn to bleed

From carnation tears, if time shall not allow

His death prevented eyes to weep enow,

Then let his dying language recommend

What's left to his posterity to end.

Thou saddest of all *Muses*, come, afford

My studious help, that each consuming word

May rend a heart (at least) that every Line

May pickle up a Kingdom in the Brine

Of her own tears: O teach me how to extract

The spirits of grief, whose virtue may distract

Those breasts, which sorrows knows not how to kill,

Inspire, O, inspire my melting quill,

And like sad *Niobe*, let every one

That cannot melt, be turn'd into a stone;

Teach me to paint an oft repeated sigh

To the life, that whoso'er be nigh

May hear it breath, and learn to do the like

By Imitation, till true passion strike

Their bleeding hearts. Let such as shall rehearse

This story, bow'd like, Irish as a *Hearse*.

Th' event still crowns the act; Let no man say,

Before the evening's come, 'tis a fair day,

For when the *Kalends* of this Bridal-feast

Were entred in, and every longing breath

Waxt great with expectation, and all eyes
 (prepar'd for entertaining novelties)
 Where grown impatient now, to be suffic'd
 With that, which Art and Honour had devis'd,
 T' adorn the times withal, and to display
 Their bounty, and the glory of that day,
 The rare *Parthenia*, taking sweet occasion,
 To bless her busie thoughts with contemplation
 Of absent *Argalus*, whose too long stay
 Made minutes seem as days, and every day,
 A measur'd age; into her secret bower
 Betook her weary steps, where every hour
 Her greedy ear expects to hear the sum
 Of all her hopes, that *Argalus* is come.
 She hopes, she fears at once; and still she muses
 What makes him stay so long, she chides, excuses,
 She questions, answers, and she makes reply,
 And talks as if her *Argalus* were by.
Why com'st thou not! Can Argalus forget
His languishing Parthenia? What not yet?
 But as she spake that word, she heard a noise,
 Which seem'd, as if it were the whispering voice
 Of close conspiracy. She began to fear
 She knew not what, till her deceived ear
 (Instructed by her hopes) had singled out
 The voice of *Argalus* from all the rout;
 Whose steps (as she supposed) did prepare
 By stealth to seize upon her unaware.
 She gave advantage to the thriving plot,
 Hearing the noise, as if she heard it not.
 Like as young Doves, (which ne're had yet forsake
 The warm protection of their nests, or taken
 Upon themselves, the self-providing care
 To shift for food, but with paternal fare
 (fat and plump) think every noise they hear
 full-crop Parents are at hand to chear

their craving stomachs; whilst th' impatient fist
 of the false Cater, rifling where it list,
 in every hole, surprises them, and sheds
 their guiltless blood, and parts their gaping heads
 from their vain struggling bodies; so, even so,
 our poor deceiv'd *Parthenia*, (that did owe
 Tho' much to her own hopes) the whilst her eyes
 were set to welcome the unvalued prize
 of all her joys, her dearest *Argalus*,
 kept in *Demagoras*, salutes her thus.

Base Trull, *Demagoras* comes to let thee see,
 how much he scorns thy painted face, and thee.
 Out Sorceress! Could thy prosperous actions think
 to escape revenge, because the Gods did wink
 at thy designs? Think'st thou thy Mothers blood
 cries in a Language, not to be understood?
 Hadst thou no closer stratagem, to further
 thy pamper'd lust, but by the savage Murder
 of thine own aged Parent, whose sad death
 must give a freedom to the whispering breath
 of thy enjoy'd Adulterer? Who (they say)
 will cloak thy whoredom with a marriage-day,
 nay, struggle not, here's none that can relieve
 such pounded beasts: It is in vain to strive,
 or roar for help; Why didst not rather weep
 that I may laugh? Perchance, if thou wilt creep
 upon thy wanton Belly, and confess
 thy self a true repentant Murthress,
 thy sinful Page may play the fool, and gather
 thy early fruit into his barn, and father
 the new-got Cyprian Bastard, if that be
 half so wise, that got it, but to see,
 Ha! dost thou weep? or do false mists but mock
 abused eyes? from so obdure a Rock
 can water flow? Weeping will make thee fair;
 Weep till thy Marriage-day, that who repair

To grace thy Feast, may fall a weeping too,
And in a mirror, see what tears can do,
Vile strumpet ! did thy flattering thoughts e're wrong
Thy judgment so, to think, Demagoras tongue
Could so defile his Honour, as to sue
For serious love ? So base a thing as you
(Methinks) should rather fix your wanton eyes
Upon some easie Groom that hops to rise
Into his Master's favour for your sake ;
I, this had been preferment, like to make
A hopeful Fortune : Thou presumptuous trash !
What was my Courtship, but the minutes dash
Of youthful passion, to allay the dust
Of my desires, and exuberous lust ?
I scorn thee to the soul, and here I stand
Bound for revenge, whereto I set my Hand.
With that he grip'd her rudely by the fair
And bounteous treasure of her Nymph-like hair.
And, by it, drag'd her on the dusty floor ;
He stop't her mouth for fear she should implore
An aid from heaven : She swooning in the place,
His savage Hands besmear'd her lifeless face
With horrid poison, thinking she was dead,
He left her breathless, and away he fled.
Come, come ye Furies you malignant spirits ;
Infernal Harpies, or what else inherits
The Land of darkness ; you that still converse
With damned Souls ; you, you that can rehearse
The horrid facts of Villains, and can tell
How every Hell-hound looks that roars in Hell,
Survey them all ; and then inform my Pen,
To draw in Oae, the Monster of all Men.
Teach me to limn a villain, and to paint,
With dext'rous Art the basest Sycophant
That e'er the mouth of insolent disdain
Mouthsafd to spit upon ; the putrid blain

Of all diseased humours, fit for none
 But Dogs to lift their nasty Legs upon.
 To clear mine eyes, that who'so'er shall see
 The type of baseness, may cry, This is he!
 Let his reproach be a perpetual blot
 In honour's Book: Let his remembrance rot;
 In all good minds: Let none but villains call
 His Bug-bear name to Memory where withal
 To fright their bawling Bastards: Let no spell
 Be found more potent, to prevail in Hell,
 Than the nine Letters of his charm-like name?
 Which, let your bashful Criss-cross row disclaim
 To the World's end, not worthy to be set
 In any but the Jewish Alphabet.

But hark! I am deceiv'd, or do I hear
 The voice of *Argalus* sounding in my ear?
 He calls *Parthenia*: No that tongue can be
 No counterfeit: He's come, 'tis he, 'tis he.
 Welcome too late, that art now come too soon;
 Hadst thou been here, this deed had ne're been done.
 Alas! when Lovers linger, and out-go
 Their promis'd date, they know not what they do.
 Men fondly say, that Women are too fond
 At parting; to require so strict a Bond.
 For quick return, poor Souls! 'Tis they endure
 Oft-times the danger of the forfeiture.
 I blame them not, for mischief still attends
 Upon the too long absence of true friends.

Well, *Argalus* is come, and seeks about
 In every room to find *Parthenia* out.
 He asks, inquires, but all Lips are sparing
 To be the Author of ill news, not daring
 To speak the truth: They all amazed stand,
 And now my Lord's as fearful to demand,
 Dares not enquire her health, lest his sad ear
 Should hear such words; as he's afraid to hear.

All lips are blotted with a Linnen Bar,
And every eye does, like a Blazing-Star,
Portend some evil, no Language finds a Leak.
The less they speak, the more he fears to speak.
Fates grow sad, and every private ear
Is turn'd a closet for the whisperer.

He walks the room and like an unknown stranger
They eye him ; from each eye, he picks a danger
At last his lips not daring t' importune
What none dare tell him, unexpected Fortune
Leads his rash steps into a dark'ned room,
A place more black than night : No sooner come
But he was welcom'd with a sigh as deep
As a ipent heart can give : He heard one weep
And by the noise of groans and sobs, was led
(Having no other guide) to the sad Bed.

*Who is't (said he) that calls untimely night ?
To hide those griefs that thus adjure the light ?
With that, as if her heart had rent in two,
She past a sigh, and said, Oh ask not who.
Urge not my tongue to make a forc'd reply
To your demand : Alas ! It is not I.*

*Not I (said he) what Language do I hear ?
Darkness may stop mine eyes, but not my ear.
It is my dear Parthenia's voice, Ah me !
And can Parthenia, not Parthenia be ?
What means this word, (alas, it is not I)
What sudden ill hath taught thee to deny
Thy self ? Or what can Argalus then claim,
If his Parthenia be not the same
She was ? Alas, it seems to me all one
To say, thou art not hers, that's not thy own.
Can Hills forget their pond'rous bulk, and fly
Like mandring Atoms, in the empty sky ?
Or can the Heavens (grown idle) not fulfil
Their certain revolutions, but stand still,*

and leave their constant motion for the wind
to inherit? Can Parthenia change her mind?
Heav'n sooner shall stand still, and Earth remove,
Than my Parthenia falsify her love.
Unfold thy riddle then; and tell me, why
those lips should say. (Alas it is not I!)

Whereto she thus reply'd: O do not thou
be wrong thy noble thoughts, as once I allow,
That cursed name a room within thy breast,
Nor yet not so foul a prodigy be blest
With thy lost breath: Let it be held a sin,
So great for pardon, e're to name't again.
Let darkness hide it in eternal night;
Let it be clad with horror to affright
The desp'rate Conscience: He that knows not how
To mouth a curse, O let him practise now
Upon this name. Let him that would contract
The body of all mischief, or extract
The quintessence of a sorrow, only claim
A secret priviledge to use that name;
Nor be it from that language, to commit
So foul a Sin, as once to mention it.

Give happy Argalus; do not thou partake
In these my miseries, O forbear to make
Thy burthen greater, by the tender sorrow;
Alas, my heart is strong and needs not borrow
Thy needless help: O be thou not so cruel,
To feed my flaming fires with the fuel,
Why dost thou sigh? O wherefore should thy heart
Usurp my stage, and act Parthenia's part;
It is my proper task; What dost thou mean,
Without my License, to intrude my Scene;
Alas! Thy sorrow ease not my distress;
God knows, I weep not one poor tear the less,
Thy Parent's sign'd and past, whereby appears
That I have got the Monopoly of tears,

All lips are blotted with a Linnen Bar,
 And every eye does, like a Blazing-Star,
 Portend some evil, no Language finds a Leak:
 The less they speak, the more he fears to speak.
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 Darkness may stop mine eyes, but not my ear.
 It is my dear Parthenia's voice, Ah me !
 And can Parthenia, not Parthenia be ?
 What means this word, (alas, it is not I)
 What sudden ill hath taught thee to deny
 Thy self ? Or what can Argalus then claim,
 If his Parthenia be not the same
 She was ? Alas, it seems to me all one
 To say, thou art not hers, that's not thy own.
 Can Hills forget their pond'rous bulk, and fly
 Like wandring Atoms, in the empty sky ?
 Or can the Heavens (grow idle) not fulfil
 Their certain revolutions, but stand still,

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And leave their constant motion for the wind
To inherit? Can Parthenia change her mind?
Heav'n sooner shall stand still, and Earth remove,
E'er my Parthenia falsify her love.

Unfold thy riddle then; and tell me, why
Those lips should say. (Alas it is not I !)

Whereto she thus reply'd: O do not thou
So wrong thy noble thoughts, as once I' allow,
That cursed name a room within thy breast,
Let not so foul a prodigy be blest
With thy lost breath: Let it be held a sin,
Too great for pardon, e're to name't agen.
Let darkness hide it in eternal night;
May it be clad with horror to affright
A desp'rate Conscience: He that knows not how
To mouth a curse, O let him practise now
Upon this name. Let him that would contract
The body of all mischief, or extract
The quintessence of a sorrow, only claim
A secret priviledge to use that name;
Far be it from that language, to commit
So foul a Sin, as once to mention it.
Live happy Argalus; do not thou partake
In these my miseries, O forbear to make
My burthen greater, by the tender sorrow;
Alas, my heart is strong and needs not borrow
Thy needless help: O be thou not so cruel,
To feed my flaming fires with the fuel,
Why dost thou sigh? O wherefore should thy heart
Usurp my stage, and act Parthenia's part;
It is my proper task; What dost thou mean,
Without my License, to intrude my Scene;
Alas! Thy sorrow ease not my distress;
God knows, I weep not one poor tear the less.
My Patent's sign'd and past, whereby appears
That I have got the Monopoly of tears,

In me let each Man's torments find an end :

I am the Sea, to which all rivers tend.

Let all spent mourners, that can weep no more,

Take tears on trust, and set them on my score.

And as she speaks that word, his heart not able

To bear a language so unsufferable,

But being swoln so big, must either break,

Or vent, his conquer'd reason grew too weak

T' oppose his quickned passion (like a Man
Transported from himself) he thus began.

Accursed darkness ! Thou sad type of Death !

Infernal Hag, whose dwelling is beneath !

What means thy boldness to usurp this room,

And force, a night, before the night be come ;

Get, get thee down, and keep within thy lists ;

Go revel there ; and hurl thy hideous mists

Before those cursed eyes, that take delight

In utter darkness and abhor the light ;

Return thee to the Dungeon, whence thou came,

And hide those faces, whose infernal flame

Calls for more darkness, and whose tortur'd souls

Crave the protection of th' obscurest holes,

To scape some lashes, and avoid those strict

And horrid plagues, the Furies do inflict,

But if thou needs must ramble here above,

Go to some other Climate, and remove

Thy ugly presence from our darkned eyes,

That hate thy tyranny : Go exercise,

Thy powers on Groves, and solitary Springs

Where Bats are Subjects, and where Owls are Kings.

Go to the Graves, and fill those empty rooms,

That such as slumber in their silent Tombs,

May bless thy welcome shades, and lie possess'd

Of undisturbed and eternal rest.

Or if thy more ambitious fogs desire

To hang thee living, haste thee and retire

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Ravish

Into some Gloyster, and there stand between
The light, and those that fain would sin, unseen ;
Assist them there, and let thy ugly shapes,
Gount'nance close treasons, and incestuous rapes :
Benight those rooms : and aid all such as fear
The eye of Heaven : Go close thy Curtains there,
We need thee not (forthwith) away, away ;
Thou hid'st more beauty than the noon of day
Can give ; O thou that hast so rudely burl'd
On this dark bed the glory of the world.

So said, abruptly he the room departs,
His cheeks look pale, his curled hair upstarts
Like quills of Porcupines, and from his eye
Quick flashes like the flames of Lightning flie ;
He calls for light, the light no sooner come,
But his own hand conveys it to the room
From whence he came, and as he entred in
He blest himself ; he blest himself again,
Thrice did he bless himself and after said.

Foul Witch be gone, and let thy dismal shade,
Forake this place : Let thy dark fogs obey
Great Vulcan's charge ; in Vulcan's name away.
Or if thy stout rebellion should disclaim
His Sovereignty, in my Parthenia's name,
I charm thee hence. And as that word flew out,
He stept to that sad bed, where round about,
Clos'd were the Curtains, as if darkness did
Command that such a Jewel should be hid.
His left hand held the Taper, and his right
Enforc'd the Curtains, to absolve the light.
Which done, appear'd before his wandring eye
The truest portrait of deformity,
As e'er the Sun beheld : That lovely face
That was of late the model of all grace,
And peerless beauty whose imperious eyes
Ravish'd where they lookt ; and did surpris

The very souls of Men, she, she, of whom
 Nature her self was proud, is now become
 So loath'd an object, so deform'd, disguis'd,
 As darkness, for man's sake, was well advis'd.
 To loath in mists, lest any were incited
 To see that face, and so depart affrighted,
 All this when *Argalus* beheld, and found
 It was no dream, he fell upon the ground,
 And rav'd and rose again, stood still and gaz'd;
 At first he startled, then he stood amaz'd;
 Looks now upon the light, and now on her,
 One while his tired fancy does refer
 His thoughts to silence; as his thoughts encrease,
 His passion strives for vent and breaks that peace
 Which conquer'd reason had of late concluded,
 And thus began: 'Are these false eyes deluded?
 ' Or have enchanted mists kept in between
 ' My abused eyes, and what my eyes have seen?
 ' No mischief cannot act so fair a part,
 ' T' affright in jest; it goes beyond the art
 ' Of all black Books, to mask with such disguise
 ' So sweet a face: I know that these are eyes
 ' And this a light: False mists could never be
 ' Betwixt my poor *Parthenia*, and me.
 ' Accursed Taper! What infernal sprite
 ' Breath'd in thy face? What fury gave thee light?
 ' Thou imp of *Pblegeton*; who let thee in
 ' To force a day, before the day begin?
 ' Who brought thee hither? I? did I? From whom?
 ' What lean chapt Fury did I snatch thee from?
 ' When as this cursed hand did go about
 ' To bring thee in, why went not these eyes out?
 ' Be all such Tapers cursed for thy sake,
 ' Ne're shine, but at some Vigil, or sad Wake;
 ' Be never seen, but when as sorrow calls
 ' Thy needful help to nightly funerals;

Be as a May-game for the amazed *Bar*
To sport about ; and Owls to wonder at.
Still haunt the Chancels at a midnight knell,
To fright the Sexton from his passing Bell,
Give light to none but treasons, and be hid
In their dark Lanthorns : Let all mirth forbid
Thy treacherous flames the room ; and if that none
Shall dain to put thee out, go out alone :
Attend some Miser's Table, and then waste
Too soon, that he may curse thee for thy haste ;
Burn dim for ever: Let that flatt'ring light
Thou see'st consume the flock : Be banish'd quite
From *Cupid's Court* ! When lovers go about
Their stolen pleasures, let your flames go out.
Henceforth be useful to no other end
But only to burn day-light, or attend
The midnight Cups of such as shall resign
With usury their undigested Wine.
Why dost thou burn so clear ? Alas, these eyes
Discern too much, thou wanton blaze doth rise
Too high a pitch, Thou burn'st too bright for such
As see no comfort, O thou shin'st too much.
Why dost thou vex me ? Is thy flame so stout
T'endure my breath ? This breath shall puff thee out.
Thus, thus my joys are quite extinguish'd, never
To be reviv'd, Thus gone, thus gone for ever.
With that, transported with a furious haste,
He blew it out, But mark, that very blast
(As if it meant on purpose, to disclaim
His desp'rate thoughts) reviv'd th' extinguish'd flame
He stands amaz'd, and having mus'd a while,
Beholds the Taper, and begins to smile.

And can the Gods themselves (said he contrive
A way for hope ? Can my past joys revive,
Like this rekindled fire ; if they do,
I'll curse my Lips (bright Lamb) for cursing you,

Eterna

Or did the wiser Deities foresee
 This likely danger, that when Men should see
 So bright a Lamp, fearing they should commit
 Such sweet Idolatry, benighted it?

Or did the too too careful Gods conspire
 A good for man, transcending man's desire,
 And knowing such an eye too bright for any,
 Gave it a wound, lest it should wound too many?
 If so they meant, they might have been more kind
 To save that beauty, and have struck us blind.

Before the sound of his last breath was gone
 Her speech being marshal'd with a powerful groan
 Through the rude confluence, and amazed throng
 Of her distracted thoughts) her feeble tongue
 Vept forth these Words, Thus fleet, thus transitory,
 Is man's delight, and all that painted glory,
 Poor Earth can give, nor wealth, nor blood, nor
 Can quit the debt, that necessary duty (beauty
 They owe to *Change* and *Time*; but like a flow'r,
 They flourish now, and fade within an hour.
 The World's compos'd of change, there's nothing
 At the same point; all alters, and decays. (stays
 The World is like a Play, where every age
 Concludes her Scene, and so departs the stage;
 And when *Time's* hasty hour-glass is run,
 Change strikes the Epilogue, and the Play is done.
 Who acts the King do day, by chance of lot,
 Perchance to morrow begs, and blushes not.
 Whose beauty was ador'd o're night, next morning
 May find a face, like mine, not worth the scorning:
 Look where we list, there's nothing to the eye
 Seems truly constant, but Inconstancy.

Most dear *Parthenia* (*Argalus* reply'd)

Had thy deceived eye but slept aside,
 And lookt upon thy *Argalus* his breast:

I know, I know thy language had profess'd

F

: Another

Another faith : thy lips had ne're let fly,
At unawares, so great an Hereſie :
'Tis not the change of favour, that can change
My heart, nor Time, nor Fortune can eſtrange
My beſt affections, ſo for ever fixt
On thee, nothing but death can come betwixt
My ſoul and thine : If I had lov'd thy face,
Thy face alone ; my fancy had given place,
E'er this to freſh deſires, and attended
Upon new fortunes ; and the old had ended.
If I had lov'd thee for thy Heavenly eye,
I might have courted the bright Maſteſty
Of *Titan*, If thy curious Lips had ſnar'd
My lip'riſh thoughts, I might have ſoon prepar'd
A bluſhing Corral, or ſome full ripe Cherry,
And pleas'd my lips until my lips were weary;
Or if the ſmoothneſs of thy whiter brow
Had charm'd mine eyes and made my fancy bow
To outward objects, poliſht Marble might
Have given as much content, as much delight;
In brief, had *Argalus* his flattered eye
Been pleas'd with the beauties bare *Epitomy*,
Thy curious picture might have then ſupply'd
My wants, more full, than all the world beſide
No, no, 'Twas neither brow nor lip, nor eye
Nor any outward exc'llence urg'd me why
To love *Parthenia* : 'twas the better part,
(Which miſchief could not *wrong*) ſurpris'd my heart
Thy beauty was but like a Chriſtal caſe,
Through which the Jewel of admired grace
Transparent was, whoſe hidden worth did make
Me love the Casket for the Jewels ſake.
No, no, my well adviſed eye pierc'd in
Beyond the film ; ſunk deeper than the ſkin,
Eſſe had I now been chang'd and that firm duty
I owe my vows, but faded with thy beauty.

Nay, Weep not my *Parthenia*, let those tears
 Ne're wail that loss, which a few after-years
 Had claim'd as due; chear up thou hast forsaken
 But that which sickness would perchance have taken
 With greater disadvantage; or else age,
 That common evil, which Art cannot assuage;
 Beauties but bare opinion, White and Red
 Have no more privilege, then what is bred
 By human fancy, which was ne're confin'd
 To certain bounds, but varies like the wind.
 What one Man likes, another disrespects;
 And what a third most hates, a fourth affects,
 The *Negro's* eye thinks black beyond compare,
 And what would fright us most, they count most
 If then opinion be the touch, whereby (fair.
 All beauties tried, *Parthenia* in my eye
 Out-shines fair *Helen*, or who else she be
 That is more rich in beauties wealth then she,
 Chear up the sovereignty of thy worth infranches
 Thy captive beauty, and thy virtue blanches
 These stains of Fortune, Come, it matters not
 What others think; A Letter's but a blot
 To such as cannot read; but who have skill,
 Can know the fair impression of a Quill
 From gross and heedless blurs? and such can think
 No Paper foul that's fairly writ with Ink,
 What others held a blemish in thy face,
 My skilful eyes read characters of grace.
 What hinders then, but that without delay,
 Triumph may celebrate our nuptial-day?
 She that hath only virtue to her guide,
 Though wanting beauty, is the fairest Bride.
 A Bride (*said she*) such Brides as I, can have
 No fitter Bridal-Chamber than a Grave.
 Death is my Bridegroom; and to welcome Death,
 My loyal heart shall plight a second faith.

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• And when that day shall come, that joyful day
 • Wherein transcendent pleasures shall allay
 • The heart of all my sorrows and conjoyn
 • My pale-fac'd *Bridegroom's* lingering hand with mine
 • These Ceremonies and these Triumphs shall
 • Attend the day, to grace the day withal.
 • Time with his empty Hour-glass shall lead
 • The Triumphon, his winged Hoof shall tread
 • Slow paces; after him there shall ensue
 • The chaste *Diana* with her Virgin crew,
 • All crown'd with *Cypress* Garlands; after whom
 • In rank th' impartial Destinies shall come.
 • Then in a sable Chariot faintly drawn
 • With earnest Virgins vail'd with purest Lawn
 • The Bride shall sit, Despair and Grief shall stand
 • Like heartless Bride-maids upon either hand.
 • Upon the Chariot-top there shall be plac'd
 • The little winged God, with arm unbrac'd,
 • And Bow unbent: his drooping wings must hide
 • His naked knees, his quiver by his side
 • Must be unarm'd, and either hand must hold
 • A Banner, wherewith Characters of Gold
 • Shall be decipher'd (fit for every eye
 • To read that runs) Faith, Love and Constancy
 • Next after, Hope, in a discolour'd Weed,
 • Shall sadly march alone, A slender Reed
 • Shall guide her feeble steps, and in her hand
 • A broken Anchor all besmear'd with sand.
 • And after all, the Bridegroom shall appear
 • Like *Jove's* Lieutenant, and bring up the rear
 • He shall be mounted on a coal-black Steed,
 • His hand shall hold a Dart, on which shall bleed
 • A pierced heart, wherein a former wound
 • With *Cupid's* Javelin enter'd shall be found.
 • When as these triumphs shall adorn our feast
 • Let *Argalus* be my invited Guest,

• And

And let him bid me Nuptial Joy : from whom
I once expected all my joys should come.

With that, as if his countenance had thought good
to wear death's colours; or as if his blood
had been employed to condole the smart,
and torment of his poor afflicted heart,
he thus bespake. *Unhappiest of all Men,*

Why do I live? is Death my Rival then?

Unequal chance! had it been flesh and blood,
could have grappled, and (perchance) withstood
some stout encounters: Had an armed host
of Mortal Rivals ventur'd to have crost
thy best desires; my Parthenia's eye

had given me power to make that army fly,
like frightened Lambs before the wolf; but thou,
before whose presence all must stoop and bow
their servile necks, what weapon shall I hold
against thy hand that will not be control'd?

Great enemy; whose Kingdom's in the dust,
and darksome Caves; I know that thou art just
else had the Gods ne've trusted to thy hand

so great a privilege, so large command
and Jurisdiction o'er the lives of Men,
to kill, and save even whom they please, and when.

O, suffer not Parthenia's tempting tears
to move thy heart, let thy hard-hearted ears

be deaf to all her suits: If she profess
affection to thee, believe nothing less.

She's my betrothed spouse, and Hymen's bands,
Have firmly joyn'd our hearts though not our hands.

When plighted faith, and Sacro-sanctious vow

hath given possession, dispossess not thou,

Be just, and though her briny lips bewail

Her grief with tears, let not those tears prevail;

Whom Heavens have joyn'd, thy hands may not disjoyn

I am Parthenia's, and Parthenia's mine;

*Alas! We are but one, then thou must either
Refuse us both, or else take both together.*

*My dear Parthenia, let no cloudy passion
Of dull despair molest thee, or unfashion
Thy better thoughts, to make thy troubled mind
Either forget, or thy self unkind,
Starve not my pining hopes with longer stay;
My love hath wings, and brooks no long delay;
It hovers up and down, and cannot rest,
Until it light, and pitch upon thy breast.
Torment not him, within these lingering seas,
That's rackt already on his own disease,
Seal and deliver as thy deed, that bond,
Whereto thy promis'd faith hath set her hand:
And what our plighted hearts, and mutual vow
Have so long since begun. O finish now;
That our imperfect, and half pleasures may
Receive perfection by a marriage-day.*

*Whereto she thus. Had the pleas'd Gods above
Forgiven my faults, and made me fit for Jove
To bless at large; had all the powers of Heaven
(To boast the utmost of their bounty) given
As great addition to my slender fortune
As they could give, or cov'rous mind importune,
I vow to Heaven and all these Heavenly powers,
They should no sooner been made mine, but yours.
Nay, had my Fortunes staid, but at the rate,
They were; had I remained in that state
I was; (although at best unworthy far
Of such a peerless blessing as you are)
My dear acceptance should have fill'd my heart
As full of joys, as now it is of smart.*

*But, as I am, let angry Jove then vent
On me his plagues, till all his plagues be spent.
And when I roar, let Heaven my pains deride,
When I match Argalus to such a Bride.*

Give happy Argalus, let thy soul receive
 What blessings poor Parthenia cannot have.
 Give happy: May thy joys be never done,
 But let one blessing draw another on.
 May thy better Angel Watch and Ward
 Thy soul; and pitch an everlasting guard
 About the Portals of thy tender heart,
 And show'r down blessings whereso'er thou art.
 Let all thy joys be as the Month of May,
 And all thy days be as the Marriage-day.
 Let sorrow, sickness, and a troubled mind
 Be strangers to thee; let them never find
 Thy heart at home. Let fortune still allot
 Such lawless Guests to those that love thee not:
 And let those blessings, which shall wanting be
 To such as merit none, alight on thee.
 That mutual faith, betwixt us that of late
 Hath past, I give thee freedom to translate
 Upon the merits of some fitter spouse;
 Give thee leave, and freely quit thy vows.
 Call the Gods to witness, nothing shall
 More bless my soul, no comfort can befall.
 More truly welcome to me, than to see
 My Argalus (what e're become of me)
 So linkt in Wedlock, as shall most augment
 His greater honour, and his true content.

With that, a sudden and tempestuous tide
 Of tears o'erwhelm'd her language, and deny'd
 A passage, but when Passions flood was spent,
 She thus Proceeds: 'You Gods if you are bent
 To act my Tragedy, why do you wrong
 Our patience so, to make the Play so long?
 Your Scenes are tedious, 'gainst the rules of art,
 You dwell too long, too long upon one part.
 Be brief, and take advantage of your odds,
 One simple Maid amongst so many Gods,

: And

• And not be conquer'd yet? Conjoin your might
 • And send her soul into eternal night,
 • That lives too long a day: I'll not resist,
 • Provided you strike home, strike where you list
 • Accursed be that day, wherein these eyes
 • First saw the light; let desperate souls devise
 • A curse sufficient for it; let the Son
 • N'er shine upon it; and whate'er's begun
 • Upon that fatal day, let heaven forbid it
 • Success, if not t' ensare the hand that did it.
 • Why was I born? Or, being born, O why
 • Did not my fonder Nurses Lullaby
 • (Even whilst my lips were hanging on her breast)
 • Sing her poor Babes to everlasting rest?
 • O then my infant-soul had never known
 • This World of grief, beneath whose weight I groan
 • No, no, it had not. He that dies in's prime
 • Speed a long business in a little time.

But *Argalus* (whose more extream desire,
 Unapt to yield, like water sprinkled fire,
 Did blaze the more) impatient of denial,
 Gave thus an on-set to a further tryal.

• Life of my soul, by whom, next heaven, I breathe
 • Excepting whom, I have no Friend but Death
 • How can thy wishes ease my grief, or stand
 • My misery instead, when as thy hand,
 • And nothing but thy helping hand can give me
 • Relief, and yet refuses to relieve me?
 • Strange kind of charity, when being afflicted
 • I find best wishes, yet am interdicted
 • Of those best wishes, and must be remov'd
 • From love's enjoyment; why? Because below
 • Alas! alas! how can my wishes be
 • A blessing to me, if unblest in thee?
 • Thy beauty's gone, (thou say'st) why, let it go
 • He loves but ill, who lives but for a show.

Thy beauty is supply'd in my affection,
That never yet was slave to a complexion.
Shall every day, wherein the Earth does lack
The Sun's reflex, b' expell'd the Almanack?
Or shall thy over-curious steps forbear
A Garden, cause there be no Roses there?
Or shall the Sun-set of *Parthenia's* beauty
Enforce my judgment to neglect that duty,
The which my best advis'd affection owes
Her sacred virtue, and her solemn vows?
No, no, it lies not in the power of *Fate*
To make *Parthenia* too unfortunate
For *Argalus* to love.

' It is as easie for *Parthenia's* heart
To prove less virtuous, as for me to start
From my firm faith, the flame that honours breath
Hath blown nothing hath power to quench but
Thou gav'st me leave to chuse a fitter spouse (death,
And freedom to recall, to quit those vows
I took, Who gave thee licence to dispence
With such false tongues, as offer violence
To plighted faith? Alas! thou canst not free
Thy self, much less had power to licence me.
Vows can admit no change; they still persevere
Against all change; they bind, they bind for ever.
A Vow's a holy thing, no common breath,
The limits of a Vow is *Heaven and Death*.
A Vow that's past, is like a bird that's flown
From out thine hand, can be recall'd by none.
It dies not like a time-beguiling Jest,
As soon as vented, lives not in thy breast
When uttered once, but is a sacred word
Straight entred in the strict and close Record
Of heaven; it is not like a Jugler's knot,
Or fast, or loose, as pleases us or not.

Since

' Since then thy Vows can find no dispensation,
 ' And may not be recall'd, recal thy passion;
 ' Perform, perform what now it is too late,
 ' T' unwish again, too soon to violate.
 ' Seek not to quit, what Heaven denies to free
 ' Perform thy Vows to Heaven, thy Vow to me
 ' Thrice dearer than my soul, (*she thus reply'd*)
 ' Had my own pampered fancy been the guide
 ' To my affection, I had condescended
 ' E'er this, to your request, which had befriended
 ' My best desires too: I lov'd not thee
 ' For my own pleasure in that base degree,
 ' As gluttons do their diet, who dispence
 ' With unwash't hands, (lest they should give offence
 ' To their grip'd stomachs, when a minute's stay
 ' Will make them curse occasions all the day)
 ' I lov'd not so; my first desires did spring
 ' From my own heart; and as a Sacred thing,
 ' I always view thee, whom my zeal commands
 ' Me not prophane with these defiled hands.
 ' 'Tis true, performance is the debt we owe,
 ' To Vows, and nothing's dearer than a vow
 ' Yet when the Gods do ravish from our hands
 ' The means to keep it, 'tis a countermand,
 ' He that hath vow'd to sacrifice each day,
 ' At Juno's Altar's bound, and must obey.
 ' But if (being under Vow) the Gods do please
 ' To strike him with a leprous disease,
 ' Or foul infection, which is better now,
 ' Prophane the Altar, or to break the Vow?
 ' The case is mine; where then the Gods dispence
 ' We may be bold, yet tender no offence.
 ' Admit it were an evil, 'tis our best,
 ' Of necessary ills to chuse the least.
 ' The Gods are good, The strict recognisance
 ' Of Vows, is only taken to advance

' Th

The good of Man ; now if that good prove ill,
 We may refuse, our Vow's intire still,
 I vow a marriage ; why ? Because I do
 Entirely affect that Man my Vows are to ;
 But if some foul disease should interpose
 Betwixt our promis'd Marriage, and our Vows ;
 The strict performance of those vows must prove,
 I wrong ; and therefore love not, whom I love.
 Then urge no more : Let my denial be
 A pledge sufficient 'twixt my love and thee.
 So ended she : but vehement desire
 That can be queacht with No, no more than fire
 With Oyl ; and can submit to no condition)
 lends him new breath : Love makes a Rhetorician
 He speaks, she answers ; He afresh replies.
 He stoutly sues, as stoutly she denies.
 He begs in vain, and she denies in vain,
 For she denies again, he begs again.
 At last, both weary, he his suit adjourns ;
 For Lovers days are good, and bad by turns.
 He bids farewell, as if the heart of either
 Gave but one motion, they both sigh'd together ;
 She bids farewell, and yet she bids it so,
 As if her farewell, ended if he go :
 He bids farewell, but so, as if delay,
 Had promis'd better farewell to his stay,
 She bids farewell, but holds his hand so fast,
 As if that farewell, had not been the last.
 Both sigh'd, both wept, and both being heavy-hearted,
 She bids farewell, he bids farewell, and parted.
 So parted they, Now *Argalus* is gone ;
 And now *Parthenia* weeping all alone,
 And like the widow'd Turtle she bewails
 The absence of her Mate, Passion prevails
 Above her strength, Now her poor heart can tell
 What's Heaven by wanting Heaven, and what's Hell,

By her own torments. Sorrow now does play
 The Tyrant's part, Affection must obey;
 And like a weather-cock her various mind
 Is chang'd, and turn'd with every blast of wind
 In desprate language she deplores her state,
 She fain would wish, but then she knows not what
 Resolves of this, of that, and then of neither,
 She fain would flee but then she knows not whither
 At length (consulting with the heartless pair
 Of ill advisers, Sorrow, and Despair)
 Resolves, to take th' advantage of that night,
 To steal away, and seek for death by flight.
 A Pilgrim's weed her lifeless limbs address
 From head to foot, A thong of Leather blest
 Her wasted loyns; her feeble feet were shod
 With Sandals, in her hand a Pilgrim's rod,
 When as th' illustrious Sovereign of the day
 Had now begun his circuit to survey
 His lower Kingdom, having newly lent
 The upper world to *Cynthia's* government,
 Forth went *Parthenia*, and begins t' attend
 The progress now, which only death can end.

Go helpless Virgin! Fortune be thy guide,
 And thine own Virtues; and what else beside,
 That may be prosp'rous; may thy merits find
 More happiness, than thy distressed mind
 Can hope, Live, and to after-ages prove
 The great example of true Faith and Love.
 Gone, gone she is; but whither she is gone,
 The Gods, and Fortune can resolve alone.
 Pardon my quill, that is inforc'd to stray
 From a poor Lady, in an unknown way.

To number forth her weary steps, or tell
 Those obvious dangers that so oft beset
 Our poor *Parthenia* in her pilgrimage,
 Or bring her miseries on the open stage;

Book 2. *Argalus and Parthenia,*

69

Her broken slumber, her distracted care,
Her hourly tears and frights, her hungry fare;
Her daily perils, and her nightly escapes
From ravenous beasts, and from attempted rapes
Is not my task; who care not to incite,
My Readers passion to an appetite.

We leave *Parthenia* now; and our discourse
Must cast an eye, and bend our settled course
To *Argalus*. When *Argalus* (returning
To visit his *Parthenia*, the next morning)
Perceived she was fled, not knowing whither;
He makes no stay, Consults not with the weather;
Prays not to think, but Claps his hasty knees
To his fleet Courier, and away he flees.

His haste enquires no way (he needs not fear
To lose the road, that goes he knows not where)
One while he pricks upon the fruitful plains;
And now, he gently slacks his prouder reins,
And climbs the barren hills, With fresh caress
He tries the right-hand way; and then he veers
His course upon the left, One while he likes
This path, when by and by, his fancy strikes
Upon another track. Sometimes he roves
Among the springs and solitary Groves,
Whereon the tender barks of sundry trees,
Engraves *Parthenia's* name with his, Then flees
To the wild Champion, His proud steed removes
The hopeful fallows with his horned hoves.

He balks one way, rides over Rocks and Mountain,
When led by fortune to *Diana's* Fountain,
He straight dismounts his Steed, begins to quench
His thirsty lips, and after that to drench
His fainting limbs, in that sweet stream wherein
Parthenia's dainty Fingers oft had been.

The Fountain was upon a deep descent,
Whose gliding current nature gave a vent

G

Through

Through a firm Rock, which Art (to make it known
 To after-ages) wall'd and roof'd with stone.
 Above the Crystal Fountain's Head was plac'd
 Diana's Image (though of late defac'd)
 Beneath a rocky Cistern did retain
 The Water, sliding through the Rocks of *Cane*,
 Whose curious Current the World's greater Eye
 Ne'er view'd, but in his mid-day Majesty.
 It was that Fountain where in elder times
 Poor *Coridon* compos'd his rural rhimes,
 And left them closely hid for his unkind,
 And marble-hearted *Philida* to find.
 All rites perform'd, he re-amounts his Steed,
 Redeems his loss of time with a new Speed;
 And with a fresh supply, his strength renews
 His progress, God knows whither, He pursues
 His vow'd adventures, brooking no delay,
 And (with a mind as doubtful as the way)
 He journies on; he left no course unthought.
 No Traveller unask'd, no Place unsought.

To make a journal of each circumstance:
 His change of Fortunes, or each obvious chance
 Befel his tedious travel; To relate
 The brave attempt of this exploit, or that;
 His rare Atchievements, and their fair success,
 His noble courage, in extream distress;
 His desp'rate dangers, his deliverance,
 His high esteem with Men, which did inhance
 His meanest actions to the throne of *Jove*,
 And what he suffer'd for *Parthenia's* Love,
 Would make our Volumn endless, apt to try
 The utmost patience of the studious eye.
 All which the bounty of a free conceit,
 May sooner reach to, than my Pen relate.
 But still bright *Cynthia's* head had three times thrice
 Repair'd her empty horns, and fill'd the Eyes

Of gazing Mortals with her Globe of Light,
This restless Lover ceas'd not, Day and Night
To wander, in a solitary quest
For her, whose love had taught him to digest
The dregs of sorrow, and to count all joys
But Follies, (weigh'd with her) at least, but Toys:
It hapned now, that twice six Months had run,
Since wandring *Argalus* had first begun
His toilsome Progress; who in vain had spent
A year of Hours, and yet no event,
When Fortune brought him to a goodly seat,
(Wall'd round about with Hills) yet not so great
As pleasant; and less curious to the sight,
Than strong, yet yielding even as much delight:
As strength; whose only out-side did declare
The master's judgment, and the Builders care:
Around the Castle Nature had laid out
The bounty of her treasure, round about
Well fenced Meadows (fill'd with Summers pride)
Promis'd Provision for the Winter-tide:
Near which the Neighb'ring Hills well stockt and
With milk white flocks did severally afford (stor'd
Their fruitful blessings, and deserv'd increase
To painful Husbandry, the Child of Peace:
It was *Kalanders* seat, who was the Brother
Of lost *Parthenia's* late deceased Mother.
He was a Gentleman, whom vain ambition
Ne'er taught to undervalue the condition
Of private Gentry; who prefer'd the love
Of his respect'd Neighbours, far above
The apish Congies of the unconstant Court;
Ambitious of a good, not great report;
Belov'd of his Prince, yet not depending
Upon his Favours so as to be tending
Upon his Person: And in brief, too strong
Within himself, for fortunes hand to wrong:

Thither came wandering *Argalus*, and receiv'd
 As great content, as one that was bereav'd
 Of all his joys, could take, or who should strive
 T' express a welcome to the life, could give.
 His richly furnish'd Table more exprest
 A common bounty, than a curious feast:
 Whereat the choice of precious Wines were proffer'd
 In liberal form: Not urg'd, but freely offer'd:
 The careful Servants did attend the Room;
 No need to bid them, either go or come:
 Each knew his place, his office, and could spy
 His Master's Pleasure in his Master's Eye.
 But what can relish pleasing to a taste
 That is distemper'd? Can a sweet repast
 Please a sick palate? No, there's no content
 Can enter *Argalus*, whose Soul is bent
 To tire on his thoughts *Kalander's* love
 (That other times would ravish) cannot move
 That fixed heart which Passion now incites
 T' abjure all Pleasures, and forswear delights.
 It fortun'd on a Day, that Dinner ending.
Kalander, and his noble Guests, intending
 T' exchange their Pleasure in the open air,
 A Messenger came in and did repair
 Unto *Kalander*, told him that the end
 Of his employment, was to recommend
 A noble Lady to him (near ally'd
 To fair Queen *Hellen*) whose unskilful guide
 Had so mislead, that she does make request,
 This night, to be his bold, and unknown Guest
 And by his help to be inform'd the way,
 To find to morrow, what she lost to day.
Kalander (the extent of whose ambition
 Was to express the bounteous disposition
 Of a free heart, as glad of such occasion
 To entertain) return'd the salutation

of an unknown Servant; and withal profess
promis'd welcome to so fair a Guest.
worthwith *Kalander* and his noble Friends,
ve. All but poor *Argalus*, who recommends,
is thoughts to private uses, and confines
is secret fancy to his own designs)
ounted their prancing Steeds to give a meeting
d : to his fair Guest: they met, but at first greeting
n ; *Kalander* stood amaz'd, for he suppos'd
t was *Parthenia*, and thus his thoughts disclos'd.

spy Madam (said he) if these mine aged Eyes
retain that wonted strength, which age denies
o many of my years, I should be bold
In viewing you) to say, I do behold
nt My Niece *Parthenia's* Face : Nor can I be
erswaded (by your leave) but you are she.

Thrice noble Sir (she thus reply'd) your tongue
mov'd Perchance) hath done the fair *Parthenia* wrong
n your mistake, and too much honour'd me,
ts. that (in my Judgment) was more fit to be
ng. Her foil, than Picture : Yet hath many an Eye
Given the like Sentence she not being by:
r, Nay, more : I have been told that my own Mother
Fail'd often to distinguish t' one from t' other.

Said then *Kalander*: if my rash conceit
Hath made a fault, mine Error shall await
Upon your gracious Pardon : I alone
Was not deceiv'd, for never any one
Guest That view'd *Parthenia's* visage, but would make
As great an error by as great mistake.

But (Madam for her sake, and for your own,
Whose worth may challenge to it self alone,
More service then *Kalander* can express)
T' are truly welcome, Enter, and possess
This Castle as your own ; which can be blest
In nothing more, then in so fair a guest.

Whereto the Lady entring, thus reply'd :
 Let everlasting Joys be multiply'd
 Within these gentle Gates, and let them stand
 As lasting monuments in th' Arcadian Land,
 Of rare and bounteous Hospitality
 To after-times. Let strangers passing by
 Bless their succeeding Heirs, as shall descend
 From such a Lord, from such a noble Friend.

When as a little respite had repair'd,
 Her weary Limbs, which travel had impair'd,
 The freeness of occasions did present
 New subjects to discourse, wherein they spent
 No little time : Among the rest, beset
 Kalander (often stopt with tears) to tell
 Of Argalus and lost Parthenia's love,
 Whose undissembled Passion did move
 A general grief, the more that they attended
 To his said Tale, the more they wisht it ended.

Madam (said he) although your visage be
 Like hers, yet may your fortunes disagree.
 Poor Girl : And as he spake that word, his eyes
 Let fall a tear. The Lady thus replies.

My soul doth suffer for Parthenia's sake :
 But tell me Sir, did Argalus forsake
 His poor Parthenia whom he lov'd so dear ?
 How hath he spent his days e're since ? And where ?

Madam (said he) when as their marriage-day
 Drew near ; mischief, that now was bent to play
 Upon the Stage her studied master prize,
 With ugly Leprosie did so disguise
 Her beauteous face, that she became a terror
 To her own self : but Argalus the mirror
 Of truest constancy (whose loyal heart,
 Not guided by his eyes disdain'd to start
 From this past vow) did in despite of Fortune,
 Pursue his first desires, and importune.

intended marriage ne'rtheless; but she
 whom reason now had taught to disagree
 with her distracted thoughts, stands deaf and mute,
 and at the last, to avoid his further suit,
 not making any private to her flight,
 he quits the House, and steals away by night:
 but Madam, when as Argalus perceiv'd
 that she was fled: And being quite bereav'd
 of his just hope, poor Lover he essays
 by toilsome pilgrimage to end his days,
 to find her out: Now twice six Months have run
 their tedious courses, since he first begun
 his fruitless journey, ranging far and near,
 suffering as many storms, as a Tear
 could send: and made by the extremes of weather,
 Unapt for travel, Fortune brought him hither,
 where he as yet remains, till time shall make,
 his wasted Body fit to undertake
 his discontinued Progress, and renew
 his great request for her, who at first view,
 Madam, you seem'd to be.
 So said: the Lady, from whose tender eyes
 some drops did slide, whose heart did sympathize
 With both their sorrows; said, And is there then
 such unexpected constancy in Men?
 Most Noble Sir;
 If the too rash desires of a Stranger
 may be dispens'd withal, without the danger
 of too great boldness, I should make request
 to see this noble Lord, in whose rare breast
 By your report) more honour doth reside,
 then in all Greece; nay, all the World besides:
 have a message to him; and am loth
 to do it were I not engag'd by Oath.
 Whereat Kalander, not in Breath, but Action,
 Applies himself to give a satisfaction

To her propounded wish, Protraction wastes
No time, but up to *Argalus* he hastes.

Argalus comes down, and after Salutation
Giv'n and receiv'd, she accosts him on this fashion.

My noble Lord;

- Whereas the loud resounding trump of Fame
- Hath nois'd your worth and glorifi'd your Name
- Above all others, let your goodness now
- Make good that fair report; that I may know,
- By true experience what my joyful ear
- Had but, as yet, the happiness to hear:
- And if the frailty of a Womans wit
- May chance t' offend; be noble, and remit.
- Then now, (most noble Lord) my native place
- Is *Corinth*; of the self-same blood and race
- With fair Queen *Helen*, in whose princely Court
- I had my birth, my breeding: To be short,
- Thither, not many days ago, there came
- Disguis'd and chang'd in all things but her Name,
- The rare *Parthenia*, so in shape transform'd,
- In feature alter'd, and in face deform'd,
- That (in my judgment) all this Region could
- Not shew a thing more ugly to behold.
- Long was it e'er her oft repeated vows
- And solemn protestations could rouse
- My over-dull belief; till, at the last
- Some passages that heretofore had past
- In secret 'twixt *Parthenia* and me,
- Gave full assurance 't could be none but she.
- Abundant welcome (as a soul so sad
- As mine and hers could give or take) she had;
- So like we were in Face, in Speech, in Growth,
- That whosoever saw the one, saw both.
- Yet were we not alike in our complexions
- So much as in our loves, in our affections,

One

One sorrow serv'd us both, and one relief
Could ease us both, but Partners in one grief,
Much private time we joyntly spent, and neither
Could find a true content, if not together.
The strange Occurrent of her dire misfortune
She oft discours'd, which strongly did importune
A World of Tears from these effused Eyes,
The true partakers of her Miseries,
And as she spake, the accent of her Story
Would always point upon th' eternal glory
Of your rare Constancy, which whosoe'er
In after-ages shall presume to hear,
And not admire, let him be proclaim'd
A rebel to all Virtue, and (defam'd
In his best Actions) let his leprous name
Or dye dishonoured, or survive with shame.
But ah ! What simples can the Hand of Art
Find out to stench a Lover's bleeding Heart ;
Or what (alas !) Can human skill apply
To turn the course of Lovers Phlebotomy ?
Love is a secret fire, inspir'd, and blown
By Fate, which wanton hopes to feed upon,
Works on the very Soul, and does torment
The Universe of Man ; which being spent
And wasted in the Conflict, often shrinks
Beneath the Burthen ; and so conquer'd, sinks.
All which your poor *Parthenia* knew too well,
Whose bed-rid hopes, not having power to quell
Th' imperious fury of extreme despair,
She languish'd, and not able to contrair
The will of her victorious Passion ; cried
My dearest *Argalus* farewell, and died.
My Lord not long before her latest breath,
Had freely paid the full Arrears to Death,
She call'd me to her ; In her dying hand
She strained mine, whilst in her eyes did stand
A shower

A shower of Tears, unwept, and in mine ear
 She whisper'd so as all the Room might hear.
 Sister (said she) (that Title past between us
 Not undeserv'd; for, all that e're had seen us,
 Mistook us so at least) that latest sand
 Of my spent hour-glass is now at hand.
 Those joys, which heaven appointed out for me,
 I bear bequeath to be possess'd by thee;
 And when sweet death shall clarify my thoughts,
 And drain them from the dregs of all my faults
 Enjoy them thou, wherewith (being so resign'd
 From all their dross) full fraught thy constant mind
 And let thy prosperous Voyage be address'd
 To the fair Port of Argalus his breast,
 As whom the Eyes of Man did ne'er discover
 So loyal, so renown'd, so rare a lover;
 Cast Anchor there; for by his dying breath,
 Nothing can please my soul more after Death,
 And make my joys more respect, than to see
 A marriage 'twixt my Argalus and thee.
 This Ring, the pledge betwixt his Heart and mine;
 As freely as he gave me, I make thine:
 With it unto thy faithful Heart I render
 My secret vows; with it I here surrender
 All right and title that I had or have
 In such a blessing as I now must leave.
 Go to him, and conjure him in my name
 What love he bare to me, the very same
 That he transfers on thee; take no denial,
 Which granted, live thou happy, constant, loyal.
 And as she spake that word, her voice did alter,
 Her breath grew cold, her speech began to falter:
 Fain would she utter more, but her spent Tongue
 (Not able to go further) fail'd, and clung
 To her dry roof. A while, as in a trance,
 She lay, and on a sudden, did advance

er forced language to the height, and cri'd,
 Grewel my dearest Argalus, and died.
 And now, my Lord, although this Office be
 Unsuitable to my Sex, and disagree
 so much, perchance with the too mean condition
 of my poor state, more like to find derision
 than satisfaction; yet, my gracious Lord,
 extraordinary merits do afford
 extraordinary means, and can excuse
 the breath of custom, or the common use:
 Wherefore, incited by the dear directions
 of dear Parthenia, by mine own affections
 and by the excellence of your high desert,
 I bear present you with a faithful heart,
 and heart, to you devoted, which assures
 itself no happiness, but in being yours.
 Pardon my boldness, they that shall reprove
 this, as a fault, reprove a fault in love.
 And why should Custom do our Sex that wrong
 To take away the privilege of our Tongue:
 If Nature give us freedom to affect,
 Why then should custom bar us to detect
 the grief of Nature? She that is in pain
 Hath a sufficient warrant to complain.
 Then give me leave (my Lord) to re-inforce
 A Virgin's suit, and (thinking ne're the worse
 Of proffer'd love) let my desires thrive,
 And freely accept what I so freely give.

So ending, silence did enlarge her ear,
 (Prepar'd with quick attention) to hear
 His gracious words: But *Argalus* whose passion
 Had put his amorous Courtship out of fashion,
 Return'd no answer, till his trickling eyes
 Had given an earnest of such obsequies,
 And his adjourned sorrow had intended
 To do at full, and therefore recommended

To privacy ; true grief abhors the light ;
 Who grieves without a Witness, grieves aright
 His passion thus suspended for a while
 (And yet not so, but that it did recoil
 Strong signs) he wip'd his tear bedewed eyes,
 And turning to the Lady, thus replies.

Madam,

Tour no less rare than noble favours show
 How much you merit, and how much I owe
 Tour greater desert, which claims more thankfulness
 Than such a dearth of language can express:
 But most of all, I stand for ever bound
 To that your goodness my Parthenia found
 In her distress, for which respect (in duty
 As I am ty'd) poor Argalus shall repute ye
 The flower of noble courtesie, and proclaim
 Tour high deservings. Lady, as I am
 A poor unhappy wretch, the very scorn
 Of all posterity, distressed, forlorn ;
 Unworthy the least favour you can give,
 I am your slave, your Beadsmen will I live ;
 But for this weighty matter you propound
 Although I see how much it would redound
 To my great happiness, yet Heaven knows
 (Most excellent Lady) I cannot dispose
 Of mine-own thoughts, nor have I power to do
 What else you needed not perswade me to ;
 For, trust me, were this heart of mine, mine own,
 To crave according to my pleasure, none
 But you should challenge it, but while I live,
 It is Parthenia's and not mine to give,

Whereto she thus replies: Most noble Sir,
 Death that hath made divorce 'twixt you and her,
 Hath now returned you your heart again,
 Dissolv'd your vows, dislink'd that secret chain,

Which ty'd your souls; Nay more, her dying breath
 Bequeath'd your heart to me; which by her death
 Is grown a Debt which thou art bound to pay;
 Then know (my Lord) the longer you delay,
 The longer time her soul is dispossest
 (And by your means) of her desired rest.
 Whereto the poor distressed *Agalus*
 Pausing a while, return'd his Answer thus;

Incomparable Lady;
 When first of all, by Heavens divine Directions,
 We lov'd, we lik'd, we link'd our dear Affections,
 And with the solemn power of an Oath,
 In presence of the better Gods, we both
 Exchang'd our hearts; in witness of which thing,
 I gave, and she received this dear Ring,
 Which now you wear; by which she did resign
 Her heart to me; for which I gave her mine.
 Now, Madam, by a mutual commerce,
 My exchang'd heart is not mine own, but hers.
 Which if it had the power to survive,
 She being dead, what heart have I to give?
 Or if that heart expired in her death,
 What heart had she, (poor Lady? to bequeath?
 Madam, in her, began my dear affection,
 In her it liv'd, in her it had perfection;
 In her it joy'd, although but ill befriended
 By fate; in her begun, in her it ended.
 If I had lov'd, if I had only lov'd
 Parthenia's Beauty, I had soon been mov'd
 To moderate my sorrow, and to place
 That love on you, that have Parthenia's face;
 But 'twas Parthenia's self I lov'd, and love;
 Which as no time hath power to remove
 From my fix'd heart so nothing can diminish
 No Fortune can dissolve, no death can finish.

With mingled frowns and smiles she thus reply'd,
 Half in a rage, and must I be deny'd?
 Are these the noble Favours I expected?
 To find disgrace? and go away rejected?

Most noble Lady, if my Words (said he)
 Suit not your expectation, let them be
 Imputed to the misery of my state,
 Which makes my Lips to speak they know not what.
 Mistake not him that only studies how
 With most advantage still to honour you.
 Alas! What joys I ever did receive
 From Fortune, is buried in Parthenia's grave,
 With them, e'er long, (nor are my hopes in vain)
 I hope to meet, and never part again.

So said, with more than Eagle-winged hast,
 She flew into his Bosom, and imbrac'd
 In her clos'd Arms, his sorrow-waked waist;
 Surcharg'd with joy, she wept, not having power
 To speak. Have you beheld an April shower
 Send down her hasty bubbles, and then stops,
 Then storms afresh, through whose transparent drops
 The unobscured Lamp of Heaven conveys
 The brighter glory of his refulgent rays?
 Even so, within her blushing Cheeks resided
 A mixt aspect, 'twixt smiles and tears divided:
 So even divided, no Man could say, whether
 She wept, or smil'd, she smil'd and wept together:
 She held him fast, and like a fainting Lover,
 Whose Passion now had Licence to discover
 Some Words. Since then thy heart is not for me,
 Take, take thy own Parthenia (said she)
 Chear up my Argalus, these words of mine
 Are thy Parthenia's, as Parthenia's thine;
 Believe it (Love) these are not false Alarms,
 Thou hast thy own Parthenia in thine Arms.

Like as a Man whose hourly wants implore
 Each Meals relief, drudging from Door to Door,
 That hears no Dialect from churlish lips,
 But news of Beadles, and their torturing whips,
 Takes up (perchance) some unexpected treasure,
 New lost; departs, and, joyful beyond measure,
 Is so transported, that he scarce believes
 So great a truth, and what his eye perceives,
 Not daring trust, but fears it is some vision
 Or flat'ring dream, deserving but derision:
 So *Argalus* amazed at the News,
 Fain would believe, but daring not abuse
 His easie Faith too soon; for fear his heart
 Should surfeit on conceit, he did impart
 The truth unto his fancy by degrees:
 Where stop'd by Passion, falling on his knees,
 He thus began: ' O you eternal Powers
 ' That have the guidance of these Souls of ours
 ' Who by your just Prerogative can do
 ' What is a sin for Men to dive into:
 ' Whose undiscover'd actions are too high
 ' For thoughts, too deep for Man t' enquire why
 ' Delude not these mine eyes with the false show
 ' Of such a joy, as I must never know
 ' But in a dream; or if a dream it be,
 ' O let me never wake again; to see
 ' My self deceiv'd, that am ordain'd t' enjoy
 ' A real grief, and but a dreaming joy.
 Much more he spake to this effect, which ended
 He blest himself, and (with a sigh) unbended
 His aking knees; and rising from the ground,
 He cast his rolling eyes about, and found
 The room avoided, and himself alone;
 The door half clos'd, and his *Parthenia* gone.
 His own distemper'd Passion grew extreme,
 I knew, I knew (*said he*) 'twas but a dream,

- A minute's joy, a flash, a flattering bubble
- Blown by the fancy, full of pleasing trouble ;
- Which waking breaks, and empties into air,
- And breaths into my soul a fresh despair.
- I knew 'twas nothing but a golden dream,
- Which waking makes my wants the more extreme:
- I know 'twas nothing but a dreaming joy,
- A bliss, which waking I should ne'er enjoy.
- My dear *Parthenia* tell me, Where, O where
- Art thou that so delud'st mine eye, mine ear ?
- Oh that my waken'd fancy had the might
- To represent unto my real sight
- What my deceived eyes beheld, that I
- Might forfeit with excess of joy, and die.

With that, the fair *Parthenia* (whose desire
 Was all this while, by fire to draw out fire,
 And by a well-advised course to smother
 The fury of one passion with another)
 Stept in, and said : *Then, Argalus, take thou*
Thy true Parthenia : Thou dream'st not now.
Behold this Ring, whose Motto does impart
The constancy of our divided heart ;
Behold these eyes, that for thy sake have vented
A world of tears, unpity'd, unlamented :
Behold this face, that had of late the power
To curse all Beauty, yet it self secure ;
Witness that Taper whose prophetick snuff
Was outed and revived with one puff ;
And that my words may whet thy dull belief,
'Twas I that roar'd beneath the scourge of Grief,
When thou didst curse the darkness for concealing
My face, and then the Taper for revealing
So foul a face ; 'twas I, that overcome
With violent despair, stood deaf and dumb
To all the urg'd persuasions ; it was I,
That, in thy absence, did resolve to die

A wandering Pilgrim, trusting to be led
By Fortune to my death, and therefore fled.
But see! the Pow'rs above can work their ends
In spite of Mortals; and what Man intends
The Heavens dispose, and order the event:
For when my thoughts were desperately bent
To mine own ruin, I was led by fate
(Through dangers now too tedious to relate)
To fair Queen Helen's Court, not knowing whither
My unadvised steps were guided, Thither
My Genius brought me; where, unknown to any,
I mourn'd in silence, tho' observ'd by many.
Reliev'd by none; at length, they did acquaint
The fair Queen Helen with my strange complaint;
Whose noble Heart did truly sympathize
With mine, partaking in my miseries:
Who fill'd with pity, strongly did importune
The woful case of my disastrous Fortune,
And never rested till she did enforce
These lips to acquaint her with the whole discourse;
Which done, her gracious pleasure did command
Her own Chyrurgeon, to whose skilful hand
She left my foul Disease, who in the space
Of twice ten Days, restor'd me to this Face.
The Cure perfected, straight she sent about
(Without my knowledge) to enquire out
That Party, for whose sake I was contented
To endure such Grief, with patience, unrepented;
Hoping (since by her means, and help of Art
My Face was cur'd) ev'n so to cure my Heart.
But when the welcome Messengers return'd
The place of thy abode, Oh! how my spirit burn'd
To kiss her hands, and so to leave the Court!
But she (whose favours did transcend report
As much as they exceeded my desert)
Detain'd me for a while, as loth to part

With her poor handmaid till at last, pretending
 A lover's haste, and freely apprehending
 So just a cause of speed, she soon befriended
 My best desires, and sent me thus attended:
 Where (under a false mask I laid this plot,
 To see how soon my Argalus had forgot
 His dead Parthenia; but my blessed Ear
 Hath heard what few or none must hope to hear.
 Now farewell Sorrow, and let old Despair
 Go seek new breasts; let mischief never dare
 Attempt our hearts; let Argalus enjoy
 His true Parthenia; let Parthenia's joy
 Revive him; let each be bless'd in either,
 And bless'd by Heav'n, that brought us both together.

With that the well-nigh broken-hearted Lover,
 Ravish'd with over-joy, did thus discover
 His long-spent words: 'And do these eyes once more
 Behold what their extreme despair gave o're
 To hope for? Do these wretched eyes attain
 The happiness to see this face again?
 And is there so much happiness yet left
 For a broke-heart, a heart that was bereft
 Of pow'r t' enjoy what Heav'n had pow'r to give?
 Breaths my Parthenia? does Parthenia live?

Who ever saw the Pole-affecting Stone
 By hidden pow'r (a pow'r as yet unknown
 To our confin'd and darken'd Reason) draw
 The neighbouring Steel, which by the mutual Law
 Of nature's secret working, strives as much
 To be attracted, till they join and touch:
 Ev'n so these greedy Lovers meet, and charms
 Each other strongly in each others arms;
 Ev'n so they met, and with unbounded measure
 Of true content, and time beguiling pleasure,
 Enjoy each other with a world of kisses,
 Sealing the Patent of true worldly blisses;

Where

Where for a while I leave them to receive
What pleasures new-met Lovers use to have.

Readers forbear, and let no wanton eye
Abuse our Scene: Let not the flander by
Corrupt our Lines, or make an obscene Gloss
Upon our sober Text, and mix his dross
With our refined Gold, extracting sow'r
From sweet, and poyson from so fair a flow'r.
Correct your wandring thoughts; and do not fear
To think the best; Here is no *Tarquin* here;
No lustful, no insatiate *Messaline*,
Who thought it gain sufficient to resign
An Age of Honour, for a Night of Pleasure;
Whole strength to endure lust, was the just measure
Of her adust desire; ye need not fear
Our private Lovers, who esteem'd less dear
Their lives than honours, daring not to do
But what, untham'd, the Sun may pry into.

If any itching Ear desires to know

What secret conference past betwixt these two;
To them my Muse thus answers: 'When your case
Shall prove the like, she wills you to embrace
True honour as these noble Lovers did,
And you shall know, 'Till then they are forbid
To enquire further: Only this she pleases
To let you understand, that love's diseases
Being thoroughly cured, by their meeting, they
Have once again prefixt a Marriage-day:
Which that it may succeed with fairer Fortune,
Readers, she moves your pleasures to importune
The better Gods, 'That they would please t' appay
Their Grievs with joy, and smile upon that day.'

Argalus

Argalus and Parthenia.

BOOK. III.

When sturdy *March* his storms are over-
 And *April's* gentle showers are slidden
 (blown,
 (down

To close the wind-chap'd Earth, succeeding *May*
 Enters her Month, whose early breaking-day
 Calls Ladies from their easie Beds to view
 Sweet *Maja's* Pride, and the discolour'd hiew
 Of dewy-breasted *Flora* in her bower.

Where every hand hath leave to pick the flower
 Her fancy likes, Wherewith to be posselt,
 Until it fade, and wither in the breast.

Now smooth-fac'd *Neptune*, with his gladder smiles
 Visits the Banks of his beloved Isles,

Aeolus calls in the Winds, and bids them hold
 Their full-mouth'd blasts, that breathless are controll'd
 Each one retires, and shrinks into his seat,
 And Sea-green *Triton* sounds a shrill retreat.
 And thus at length, our Pinnacle is past o'er
 The Bar, and rides before the *Maiden-tower*.

Up now in earnest (Voyagers) and stand ye
 On your faint Legs, or Long-boat strait shall land ye
 Forget your Travels now, and lend your Eyes
 From your past Dangers, to your Present-Prize.

Ye

You traffick not for Toys, The Gods have set
No other price to things of price, but sweat:
Chear up; call home your hearts, and be advis'd;
Goods easily purchas'd are as easily priz'd;
You traffick not for trifles, and your travel
Was not to compass the Almighty Gravel
Of th' *Indian Mines*, to ballast your Estates:
Twas not for blasts of *Honour*, whole poor dates
Depend on Regal smiles, and have no measure
But Monarchs wills, expiring with their pleasure;
Twas not to conquer Kingdoms or obtain
The dangerous Title of a *Sovereign*,
These are poor things, It is but false discretion
To toil, where hopes are sweeter than possession.
So, we are bound upon more brave Adventures;
true Honour, Beauty, Virtue, are the Centers
To which we point, whereto our thoughts do tend,
And Heav'n hath brought our Voyage to an end.
Hail, Noble *Argalus*, now the Cock-boat stands
Secure: step forth, spread forth thy wid'n'd hands,
And take the fairest Bride into thine arms.
Strike up (brave Spirit) *Cupid's* fresh alarms
Upon her melting lips; take Toll before
Thou set her dainty foot upon the shore,
To let her slide upon thy gentle breast,
And feel the ground, then lead her to her rest.
To Imps of *Honour*, let the morning Sun
Mild your delights, and spend his Beams upon
Your marriage Triumph; let his Western light
Decline apace, and make an early night.
O, *Turtles*, go; let trebble joys betide
The faithful Bridegroom, and his fairest Bride.
Let your own Virtues light you to your rest,
To-morrow come we to your Nuptial-Feast.
By this the curl'd-pate Waggoner of Heav'n
Hath finish'd his diurnal course, and driv'n

His

His painting Steeds down to the Western-Hill,
When silver *Cynthia*, rising to fulfill
Her nightly-course, lets fall an evening-tear,
To see her Brother leave the Hemisphere,
Which by the air dispers'd, is early found
(And call'd *A Pearly Dew*) upon the ground ;
Still as the night, no language did molest
The waking ear ; all mortals were at rest ;
No breath of wind had power to provoke
The *Aspine-Leaf*, or urge th' aspiring smoke ;
Sweet was the air and clear ; no Star was hid
No envious cloud was stirring, to forbid
The wild *Astronomer* to gaze, and look
Into the secrets of his spangl'd Book ;
Whilst round about, in each resounding Grove
As if the *Choristers* of the night had strove
T' excel) the warbling *Philomel* compares,
And vies by turns her *Polyhonian* Airs.

And now the horn-mouth'd Bell-man of the night
Had sent his midnight summons to invite
Nights rav'nous rebels from their secret holds,
To roam and visit the securer folds,
Whilst drowzy *Morpheus* with his leaden Keys
Locks up the Shepherds eye-lids, and betrays
The scatter'd Flocks, which he like Sacrifices,
Expecting fire when the Sun-god rises,
By this the pale-fac'd Empress of the Night
Had re-surrender'd up her borrow'd light,
And to the other World she now retires,
Attended with her train of lesser fires,
And early *Hesper* shoots his golden head,
To usher *Titan* from his Purple-Bed ;
The gray-ey'd *Fanitor* does now begin
To ope his Eastern-Portals, and let in
The new-born day, who having lately hurl'd
The shades of night into the lower World,

The Lyr

The dewy-cheek'd *Aurora* does unfold
Her purple Curtains, all befring'd with Gold ;
And from the Pillow of his *Crocean* Bed,
The *Phæbus* rouzes his refulgent head ;
That with his all discerning Eye surveys,
And gilds the Mountains with his morning Rays.
Now, now the wakeful *Bridegroom* (whose last night
Had made her shades too long) salutes the light,
Salutes the welcome light, which now at length
Shall crown his heart with joys beyond the strength
Of mortal language, whose religious fires
Shall light those Lovers to their wish'd desires!

Up, *Argalus*, and d' on thy Nuptial-Weeds,
To enjoy that joy from whence all joy proceeds:
Enter those joys from whence all joy proceeds:
Up, *Argalus*, and d' on thy Nuptial-Weeds.

And thou fair Bride, more beauteous than the day,
Thy day is come, and *Hymen* calls away ;

Awake and rouze thee from thy downy-slumber:

Thy day is come : Oh ! may thy joys out-number

Thy minutes that are past, and to ensue ;

Arise, and bid thy Maiden-Bed adieu ;

Put on thy Nuptial-Robes, Time calls away ;

Oh ! may thy after-day be like this day.

By this bright *Phæbus* with redoubled Glory

Had half-way mounted to the highest story

Of his Olympick Palace, there to see

This long-expected day's solemnity:

When all on sudden there was heard (around

From ev'ry quarter) the Majestick sound

Of many Trumpets, all in Consort running

The Point of War, transcending far the cunning

Of mortal blasts: and, what did seem more strange,

The shrill-mouth'd Musick did as sudden change

To *Dorick* strains, to sweet melodious Aires,

Thy *Lyrick* Songs, and Voices like to theirs

Who

Who charm'd *Ulysses*. Whilst th' amazed ear
 Stood raviſh'd at theſe changes, it might hear
 Theſe Voices (by degree) transform'd to Lute
 To Shalms, deep-throated Sackbuts, and to Flute
 And eccho forcing Cornets, which ſurpaſs'd
 The Art of Man. This Harmony did laſt
 Until the Bridegroom came, but all Men wonder'd
 To hear the noiſe; ſome thought the heav'ns ha'
 To a new Tune, and ſome far wiſer ears (thunder
 Conceiv'd it was the *Muſick of the Spheres*.

All wonder'd, all Men gaz'd, and all cou'd hear
 But none knew whence the Muſick was, or where
 Forthwith, as if the ſecond Sun had roſe,
 And ſtrove with greater brightness to depoſe
 The Glory of the firſt, the Bridegroom came,
 Uſher'd along with Eagle-winged Fame,
 Whoſe twice five hundred mouths did at one bla
 Inſpire a thouſand Trumpets as he paſt.

His Nuptial-Veſture was of Scarlet-Dye,
 So deep, as it would dazle a weak eye
 To gaze upon't; to which the curious Art
 Of the laborious Needle did impart
 So great a Glory, that you might behold
 A riſing Sun imboſs'd with pureſt Gold,
 From whence ten thouſand trails of Gold came dow
 In waving points, like Sun-beams from the Sun.
 Thus from his Chamber midſt the vulgar Croud
 (Like *Titan* breaking through a gloomy Cloud)
 The long-expected Bridegroom came, and paſt
 Th' amazed Multitude, till at the laſt

His Heral'd brought him to the hall of State,
 Where all th' *Arcadian* Nobles did await
 To welcme his approach, and to diſcharge
 The lower Volley of their joys at large.
 The Hall was ſpacious, lightſome, and beſtrow
 With *Flora's* Wealth (a bounty that he ow'd

Th

This glorious Feast ;) the walls were richly clad
 With curious Tap'stry (such as *Greece* ne're had
 before that day) whereon you might behold,
 Wrought to the life, in colour'd Silk and Gold,
 This present story of these peerless Lovers,
 Which like a silent Chronicle discovers
 The several passages that did befall
 Twixt their first meeting and their Nuptials
 Devis'd and wrought by Virgins born in *Greece*,
 Presented to his Triumph, as a piece
 Devoted to the Memory and Fame
 Of *Argalus* and his *Parthenia's* Name.
 No sooner were the Ceremonies ended,
 Wherein each Noble Spirit more contended
 To exprefs affection, than affect th' expression
 Of courtly Rhet'rick, in bare profession
 Of airy friendship) but a sudden shout
 Of rudely mingled Voices flew throughout
 The spacious Castle, which confus'dly cry'd,
 Joy to *Parthenia*, to the fairest Bride:
 Worth-with (as if that heav'n had broken loose,
 And Deities had meant to interpose
 Their heav'nly Bodies with the mortal Tribe
 Of Men, or else intending to ascribe
 Their pers'nal honour to this Nuptial)
 A more than Princely State enters the hall
 A glorious shew of Ladies, all array'd
 In rare and costly Robes, and richly lald
 With Gems unvalu'd ; and each Lady wore
 Scarf upon her Arm, embroider'd o'er
 With Gold and Pearl. Thus hand in hand they pass
 Into the hall ; but oft their eyes did cast
 Backward look, as if their thoughts did mind
 Some greater Glory coming on behind.
 Next after them came on the Virgin-Crew
 Milk-white Robes (Virgins that never knew

The

The sacred Mysteries of the Marriage-bed,
Nor, finding trouble in a Maiden-head,
E'er lent a thought to Nuptial Joys till now.)
Thus past these Buds of Nature two by two;
Their long dishevell'd Tresses dangl'd down
With careless Art, and on each head a Crown
Of Golden Laurel stood. Their faces shrouded
Beneath a Veil, seem'd as the Stars were clouded.
Have ye beheld in Frosty Winters Even,
When all the lesser twinkling Lamps of heaven
Are fully kindl'd, how the ruddy face
Of rising Cynthia looks? With what a grace
She views the Throne of Darkness, and aspires
Th' Olympick brow, amidst the smaller fires?
So, after all these sparks of Beauty, came
(They were but sparks to such a glorious flame)
The fair Parthenia. Thus the Rose-cheek'd Bride
Enter'd the Room; a Milk-white Veil did hide
Her blushing Face, which ne'ertheless discloses
Some glimpse of red, like Lawn o'rspreading Roses.
Thus enter'd she. The Garments that she wore
Were made of Purple Silk, bespangl'd o'er
With Stars of Purest Gold, and round about
Each several Star went winding in and out
A train of Orient Pearl, so rarely wrought,
That as the Garments mov'd you wou'd have thought
The Stars had twinkl'd: Her dishevell'd hair
Hung down behind, as if the only care
Had been to reconcile Neglect and Art,
Hung loosely down, and veil'd the backer part
Of those her Sky-resembling Robes; but so,
That every breath wou'd wave it too and fro,
Like flying Clouds, thro' which you might discover
Sometimes one glim'ring Star, sometimes another.
Thus on she went; her ample Train supported
By thrice three Virgins, evenly siz'd and sorted,

in purple Robes; Forthwith the Bridegroom rises
from of his Chair; bows down, and sacrifices
the Peaceful offering of a morning Kiss
upon her lips. To such a Saint as this,
what rebellious heart could choose but bow,
and offer freely the perpetual Vow
of choice Obedience?

With that, each Noble moves him from his place
and with a posture full of Princely Grace
salutes the lovely Bride, with words expressing
The joyful model of a Kingdom's blessing.
But hark! the *Hymenean* Trumpet sends
Her latest Summons forth; *Hymen* attends
The Noble Pair, and is prepar'd to yoke
Their promis'd Band; the sacred Altars smoke
With *Myrrh* and *Frankincense*, the way was strow'd
With *Flora's* Pride, and the expecting Crowd
Have throng'd the streets, and ev'ry greedy eye
Attends to see the Triumph passing by.
At length the Gates flew open; On this fashion
Began the Triumph: First, a Proclamation
Was made with a loud Voice; If any be
Or Lord, or Knight, or of what'er degree,
Professing Arms or Honour in the Land,
That at this time can challenge or pretend
A Title to *Parthenia's* Heart, or claim
A Right or Int'rest in her Love or Name;
Let him come forth in Person, or appear
By noble Proxy, if not present here,
And by the excellent Honour of a Knight
He shall receive such honourable Rights
As the just Sword can give; Let him now come
And speak, or else for evermore be dumb.

Thrice was it read, which done, forthwith there
True Honour's Eagle-winged Herald Famed (came

Sounding a Silver Trump; and as she pass,
She shook the Earth's foundation with her blast.

Next after whom, in undissembl'd state
The *Bridegroom* came; On his right hand did wait
The God of War in Martial Robes of Green,
All stain'd with bleeding hearts, as they had been
But newly wounded, and from ev'ry wound
Fresh blood did seem to trickle on the ground
And as the Garments mov'd, each dying heart
Would seem to pant a while, and then depart.
Upon the Bridegroom's left hand there attended
Heav'n's Pursuivant, whose brawny Arm extended
A winged *Caduce*; he had scarce the might
To curb his feet, his feet were wing'd for flight.
Above his head their hands did jointly hold
A Crimson Canopy emboss'd with Gold.
Next them, twice twenty famous Nobles follow'd
Brave Men at Arms, whose Names the world had bellow'd
For rare Exploits; and twice as many Knights,
Whose blood had ransom'd and redeem'd the rights
Of wronged Ladies. These were all array'd
In Robes of Needle-work, so rarely made,
That he which sees them, thinks he doth behold
Armors of Steel fair filletted with Gold:
And as they march'd, their Squires did advance
Before each Knight his warlike Shield and Lance.

And after these, the Princely Virgin-Bride
On whom all eyes were fixed, did divide
Her gentle paces, being led between
Two Goddesses, the one array'd in Green,
On which the curious Needle undertook
To make a Forest: Here a bubbling Brook
Divides two Thickets, thro' the which doth fly
The single Deer before the deep-mouth'd cry
That closely follows: There th' affrighted Herd
Stands trembling at the Musick, and afraid

Of ev'ry shadow, grazes to and fro,
Not knowing where to stay, or where to go :
Where in a Landskip you may see the Fawns
Following their crying Mothers o'er the Lawns.
The other was in Robes, the purer Dye
Whereof did represent the mid-day Sky
Full of black Clouds, thro' which the glorious Beams
Of the victorious Sun appears, and seems
As 'twere to scatter, and at length to shed
His brightest Glory on the fruitful Bed
Of noisom Weeds, from whence you might discern
A thousand painful Bees extract, and earn
Their sweet provision, and with laden thighs
To bear their waxy burdens. On this wise
The Princely Bride was led betwixt these two :
The first was she that on *Ablon's* brow
Revenge'd her naked Chastity ; the other
Was she to whom *Jove's* pregnant Brain was Mother,
Thro' *Vulcan's* help ; and these did jointly hold
Upon her head a Coronet of Gold :
Whose train *Diana's* Virgin-crew, all crown'd
With golden wreaths, supported from the ground.
Next after her, upon the Triumph waited
An Order by *Diana* new created,
And stil'd, *The Ladies of the Maiden-head*,
In white, wrought here and there with spots of red,
And ev'ry spot appeared as a stain
Of Lovers blood, whom their coy hearts had slain ;
Rank'd three and three, and on each head a Crown
Of Prime-Roses, and Roses not yet blown.
Next whom, the Beauties of th' *Arcadian* Court
March'd two and two, whose Glory came not short
Of what th' unlimited and studied Art
Of Glory-vying Ladies could impart
To such Solemnities, where every one
Prove to excel, and be excell'd of none.

Thus came they to the Temple, were attended
 The sacred Priests, whole voices recommended
 The days success to Heav'n, and did divide
 A Blessing, 'twixt the *Bridegroom* and the *Bride*;
 Which done, and after low obeisance made,
 The first (while all the rest kept silence) said,
Welcome to Juno's sacred Courts: Draw near,
Unspotted Lovers, welcome: Do not fear
To touch his holy Ground; pass on secure;
Our Gates stand open to such Guests as you are:
Our gracious God so grants you your desires,
And hath accepted of those holy fires
We offer'd in your name, and takes a pleasure
To smell your Incense, in so great a measure
Of true delight, that we are bold to say,
She crowns your Vows, and smiles upon this day.

So said, they bowed to the ground, and blest
 Themselves; that done, they sing'd from the rest
 The Noble *Bridegroom* and his Princely *Bride*,
 And said, *Our gracious Goddess be our Guide*
As we are yours: And as he spake that word,
 Their well-tun'd Voices sweetly did accord
 With Musick from the Altar, as along
 They pass, they gently warbl'd out this Song.

THUS in pomp and priestly pride,
 To glorious Juno's Altar go we;
 Thus to Juno's Altar show we
 The Noble *Bridegroom* and his *Bride*.
 Let Juno's hourly blessing send ye
 As much joy as can attend ye.

May those *Lovers* never want
 True joys, nor ever beg in vain
 Their choice desires; but obtain
 What they can wish, or she can grant.

*Let Juno's hourly blessing send ye
As much joy as can attend ye.*

*From satiety, from strife,
From jealousy, domestick jarts,
From those blows that leave no scars,
Juno protect your Marriage-life.
Let Juno's hourly blessings send ye
As much joy as can attend ye.*

*Thus to Hymen's sacred bands
We commend your chaste deserts,
That as Juno link'd your hearts,
So He wou'd please to join your hands
And let both their blessings send ye
As much joy as can attend ye.*

No sooner was this Nuptial Carol ended,
But bowing to the ground they recommended
This Princely Pair (both prostrate on the floor)
And with their hands presented them before
The sacred Altar, whereunto they brought
Two milk-white Turtles, and with Pray'rs besought
That Juno's lasting favours would descend,
And make their pleasures, pleasures without end.
With that a horrid crack of dreadful thunder
Possess each trembling heart with fear and wonder.
The Raspers of the holy Temple shook,
As if accursed *Archimago's* Book
(That cursed Legion) had been newly read :
The ground did tremble, and a mist o'er-spread
The darkened Altar.
At length, deep silence did possess and fill
The spacious Temple ; all was whist and still,
When from the clouded Altar brake the sound
Of heav'nly Musick, such as wou'd confound

With Death of Ravishment the earth-bred ear,
 Had not the Goddess given it strength to bear
 So strong a rapture. As the Musick ended,
 The mist on sudden vanish'd, and ascended
 From whence it came. The Altar did appear,
 And ashes lying where the Turtles were:
 Near which great *Hymen* stood, not seen before!
 His Purple Mantle was embroider'd o're (behold
 With Crowns of Thorns, 'mongst which you might
 Some here and there (but very few ? of Gold ;
 Upon each little space that did divide
 The several Crowns, a Guardian-knot was ty'd :
 And turning to the Priest, he thus began :

*What means these fumes ? Say, what bath mortal Man
 To do with us ? what great request ? what suit
 Does now attend us, that they thus salute
 Our Nostrils, with such acceptable savors ?
 Tell us, wherein do they implore the favours
 Of the pleas'd Gods ? For, by th' Eternal Throne,
 And Majesty of Heav'n, it shall be done.*

Whereto, with bended knees, they thus reply'd,
 Great God, this noble Bridegroom and his Bride,
 Whom we most humbly here present before
 Great Juno's sacred Altar, do implore
 Your Gracious Aid, that with your Nuptial Bands
 Your Grace would please to tie their promis'd hands.

With that he strait descends the holy stairs,
 And with his widen'd Arms divides and shares
 An equal Blessing 'twixt 'em both, and said.

NOble Youth, and lovely Maid,
 Heaven accepts your pleasing fires
 And hath granted your desires :
 By the Mystery of our Power,
 First, we consecrate this hour
 To Juno's Name, that she may bless
 Our prosperous actions with success.

With

*With this Oyl (which we appoint
For holy uses) we anoint
Your Temples, and with Nuptial Bands
Thus we firmly join your hands;
Be join'd for ever, and let none
Presume t' undo what we have done;
Be join'd till lawless Death shall sever
Both hands and hearts; be join'd for ever;
Eternal Curses we allot
To those till then, shall loose this Knot.*

So said, he blest them both in *Juno's* Name,
And from their sight he vanish'd in a flame.
That done, they rose, and with new fumes saluted
The smoking Altar, thrice they prostituted
Their bended bodies on the holy-ground,
Where, sending forth the well-accepted sound
Of Thanks and Vows from their divided heart,
They kiss the sacred Altar, and depart:
And with the self-same Triumphs as they came
Returned, whilst the louder Trump of Fame
With a full blast sends forth a shrill retreat,
And re-conducts them to the hall of State,
Whose richly-furnish'd Table wou'd invite
A bed-rid Stomach to an Appetite,
And make the wasteful Glutton that does eat
His unearn'd Diet with his daily sweat,
Behold his Heav'n in a more ample measure
Than he had hopes to purchase with the treasure
Of his best Faith; such were the dainties, such
The Viands, that I dare not think too much
To term it *Paradise*, where all things did
Offer themselves, and nothing was forbid.
Upon as the Marshal of his Princely-Feast
Had in his rightful seats plac'd every Guest,

A soft

With

A soft harmonious Rapture did confine
All tongues with wonder, as a thing Divine.

Forth, with join'd hands, and smiling faces,
With habits more unequal than their Paces,
A jolly Pair drew near the Table; th' one
In Green. His pamp'rd body had out-grown
His seam-ript Garments, all embroider'd over
With *spreading Vines*, whose fruitful leaves did cover
Their swelling Clusters; his out-strutting eyes
Star'd in his head; his Dropsy-swoln thighs
Quogg'd as he went; his Purple-colour'd snout
Was deeply furnish'd and enrich'd about
With Carbuncles; around his Brows did twine
Full laded Clusters ravish'd from the Vine.

The other was a Lady whom the Sun
With his bright Rays had too much gaz'd upon:
The colour of her Silken Mantle was
'Twixt Green and Yellow, like the fading Grass;
On which were wrought enclosed fields of Corn
Some reap'd, some bound in sheaves, and some unshorn.
Well favour'd was her count'nance, plump and round;
Her Golden Tresses dangl'd to the ground;
Her temples bound with full ripe ears of Wheat,
Wreath'd like a *Garland*; frequent drops of sweat
Down from her swarthy brows did silyly trickle,
And in her Sun-burnt hand she held a sickle.
Thus usher'd with a Bag-pipe to the Table,
They both stood mute *Bacchus* as yet unable
To challenge language from his breathless tongue,
'Till smiling *Ceres* thus began the Song.

Welcome, fairest Virgin-Bride,
Welcome to our jolly Feast.
Taste what *Ceres* did provide
For so fair, so fair a Guest.

Bacch

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Bacch. *Taste what Bacchus did provide
For so fair, so fair a Guest.
Welcome, fairest Virgin-Bride,
Welcome to our jolly Feast.*

Chor. *Our conjoined Bounties do
Make Mars smile, and Venus too.*

Ceres. *Welcome, Noble Bridegroom, hither,
Worlds of bliss and joy attend ye;
Freely welcome both together,
See what Ceres bounty sends ye.*

Bacch. *Freely welcome both together,
See what Bacchus bounty sends ye.
Welcome, Noble Bridegroom, hither,
Worlds of bliss and joys attend ye.*

Chor. *Our conjoined bounties do
Make Mars smile, and Venus too.*

Ceres. *Here is that whose sweet variety
Gives you pleasure and delight;
Makes you full without satiety,
Wastes the day, and hastes the night.*

Bacch. *This will rouse the Man of War,
When the Drum shall beat in vain,
When his spirits drooping are,
This will make them rise again.*

Chor. *You that jointly do inherit
Venus Beauty, Mars his Spirit,
Freely taste our bounty, so
Mars shall smile, and Venus too.*

The Song thus ended, joining hands together,
They bow'd and vanish'd, none knew how, nor whi-
To make relation of each quaint Device, (ther,
That Art presented their unweary'd eyes;
The nature of their Mirth, of their Discourse,
The Dainties of the first, the second Course;

The

Bacch

The sacred glances of the Bridegroom's eye
 On his fair Bride; how oft she blush'd, and why:
 Were but to rob the Bridegroom of his right,
 Who counts each hour a Summer's-day till night.
 Methinks it grieves me that my Pen should wrong
 Poor Lovers disappointed hopes so long;
 And it repents me so, that often-times
 Methinks I could be angry with my Rhimes,
 And for the cruel sins that they commit
 In being tedious, some I wish unwrit.
 Let it suffice, what glory, what delight,
 What state, or what to please the appetite,
 The Eye, the Ear, the Fancy; in a word,
 What joy so short a season could afford
 To well-prepared Hearts, was here express
 In this our Nuptial, this our Princely-Feast.

Thus when the Board was voided, and the Sewer
 Had now resign'd his Office with the Ewer,
 The gracious Linnen gone, and all the Rites
 Perform'd that 'long to Festival-Delights:
 The light-foot *Hermes* tender in the Hall,
 Holds forth the *Caduce*, and adjures them all
 To depth of silence; tells them 'tis his task
 To let them know, the Gods intend a Mask
 To grace these Nuptials, and with that he spread
 His Air-dividing Pinions, and fled.

[*The Mask of the Gods.*]

When silence thus had charmed every ear
 With wonder and attention, they might hear
 The wicked Choristers of night, about
 In every corner, sweetly warbling out
 Their *Phisomelian* Air, and wilder Note,
 Which Nature taught them to divide by rote;
 So that the Hall did seem a shady Grove
 Wherein, by turns, th' ambitious Choir strove
 To excel themselves,

While

Whilst that their ears were feeding with delight
Upon these strains, *The Goddess of the Night*
Enters the Scene: Her Body was confin'd
Within the coal-black Mantle, thorough lin'd
With Sable Furs; her Tresses were of hew
Like Ebony, on which a pearly Dew
Hung, like a Spider's Web; her Face did shroud
A swarth Complexion, underneath a Cloud
Of black curl'd Cypress; on her Head she wore
A crown of burnish'd Gold, beshaded o'er
With Fogs and rosy Mist; her hands did bear
A Sceptre, and a sable Hemisphere.
She sternly shook her dewy Locks, and brake
A melancholy smile, and thus bespake.

Drive on, drive on, (dull Waggoner) let slip
Your looser Reins, and use thine idle Whip;
The pamper'd Steeds are purfue, drive away,
The lower World thinks long to see the Day;
Darkness befits us best, and our delight
Will relish far more sweeter in the night.
Approach (ye blessed shadows) and extend
Your early jurisdiction, and befriend
Our nightly Sports. Approach, make no delay,
It is your Queen, your Sovereign calls away.

With that a sudden Darkness fill'd the Hall;
The light was banish'd, and the windows all
So nearly clos'd their eye-lids round about,
That day could not get in, nor darkness out.
Thus while the Death-resembling shades of Night
Had drawn their misty Curtains 'twixt the light
And every darkned eye, which was deny'd
To see, but that which darkness could not hide.
The jealous God, fearing he knows not whom,
Indeed who fears he not?) enters the room,
And with his Club-foot groping in the shade,
Of Night, he mutter'd forth these words, and said:

[Vulcan's Speech.]

Where is this wanton Harlot now become?
 Is light so odious to her? Or is home
 So homely in her wandring eyes, that she
 Must still be rambling, whither, unknown to me?
 Can nothing be concluded, nothing done,
 But intermeddling Venus must be one?
 Is't not enough that Phoebus does applaud
 Her List, but must Night's Goddess be her Bawd?
 Darknes be gone, thou Patroness to Lust:
 If fair means may not rid thee, fouler must.
 Away, my power shall out-charm thy Charms;
 I'll find her panting in a Lover's Arms.
 Enter you Lamplets of Eternal Fire,
 And let your golden Heads (at least) conspire
 To counterfeit a Day, and on the Night,
 Revenge the wrongs of Phoebus with your Light.

So said, the darkned Hall was garnish'd round
 With lighted Tapers. Every Object found
 An eye to own it, and each Eye was fill'd
 With pleasure in the Object it beheld.

As these deviceful Changes did incite
 Their quickned fancies with a fresh delight,
 Morpheus came in: His dreaming pace was so,
 That none could say he mov'd, he mov'd so slow.
 His folded Arms athwart his breast did knit
 A Sluggard's knot; his nodding Chin did hit
 Against his panting Bosom as he pass'd,
 And oftentimes his Eyes were closed fast;
 He wore a Crown of Poppy on his Head,
 And in his hand he bore a Mace of Lead;
 He yawned thrice, and after homage done
 To Night's black Sovereign, he thus begun:

[Morpheus's Speech.]

Great Empress of the World, to whom I owe
 & self, my Service, my perpetual Vow,

Bes

Before the foot-stool of whose dreadful Throne
The Princes of this lower World lay down
Their Crowns and Sceptres; whose victorious Hand
In twice twelve hours didst conquer and command
This Globe of Earth, your servant (whose dependance
Quickens his power) comes to give attendance
Upon the early shadows, and to seize
Upon these weary Mortals, when you please
To appoint: 'Till then your servant is at hand,
To put in execution your Command.

To whom the smiling Goddess thus reply'd.

[The Goddess of the Night's Speech]

Morpheus, our pleasure is to set aside
This night to mirth, and time beguiling sports;
Our sleep restraining business much implores
Your welcome absence, whilst our ears shall number
The flying hours; our mirth admits no slumber.
The word scarce ended, but the Queen of Love
Descended from her unseen Seat above;
In her fair hand she led her winged Son,
And like the full-mouth Tempest thus begun.

[Venus Speech to Morpheus.]

Disloyal Sycophant, Death's Bastard-brother,
Accursed Spawn, cast from a curs'd a Mother,
That with thy base Impostures risest Man
Of half his Days, of half that little span
Nature hath lent his Life, that with thy wiles
Lugg'st him to death, betray'st him with thy smiles:
What mak'st thou here, and to usurp my Rights,
Perfidious Caitiff? Venus Day is Night.
Go to the frozen World, where Man's desire
Is made of Ice, and melts before the fire,
Yet ne'er the warmer: Go, and visit Fools,
Or stigmatich old Age, whose Spirit cools
As quickly as their breath. Go, what have we
To do (dull Morpheus) with thy Mace, or Thee,

As leaden as thy Mace? Th' art made for nought
 But to still Children, or to ease the thought
 Of brain-sick Franticks; or with joys to flatter
 Poor slumbring Souls, which wak'd find no such matter
 Go succour those that vent by quick Retail
 Their Wits upon dear Pennyworths of Ale;
 Of married Eunuchs, whose adust desire
 Wants means to slake the fury of their false fire.
 O that I were a Basilisk! that I
 Might dart my Venom, or else venom'd die.

Boy, bend thy Bow, and with thy forked Dart,
 Drawn to the head, thrill, thrill him to the heart:
 Let fly Death's Arrow; or if thou hast none,
 In Death's name send an Arrow of thine own.
 We are both wrong'd, and in the same degree:
 Shoot them, at once revenge thy self and me.

With that the little angry God did bend
 His steel'n Bow, and in Death's name did send
 His winged Messenger, whose faithful haste
 Dispatch'd his ireful errand, and struck fast
 Within his pierced Liver, and did hide
 His singing Feathers in his wounded side.
 Morpheus fell down as dead, and on the ground
 Lay for a little season in a swoond,
 Gasping for breath. And Lovers dreams (they say)
 Have ever more been wanton since that day
 Venus was pleas'd; the Goddess of that Night
 Grew angry; she would needs resign her Right
 Of Government, and in a spleen threw down
 Her Hemisphere, her Sceptre, and her Crown;
 And with a dusky Fog she did besmear
 The Face of Venus, soil'd her golden Hair
 With her black shades, and with foul terms revil'd
 Both Her, her Cuckold-mate, and Bastard-child:
 Whereat the God of War being much offended,
 Forsook both fear and patience, and descended,

And

and to the World he proffer'd to make good
 his *Venus* Honour with his dearest Blood.
 To whom poor *Vulcan* (puffing in a rage
 to hear his well-known Fortune on the Stage)
 crap'd many a thank, and with his crouching knee
 profess'd true love to such true friends as he.
 And ever since Experience less us know,
 sucholls are kind to such as make 'em so.

By this, God *Morpheus* waking from his swoond,
 began to groan, and from his aking wound
 drew forth the bury'd shaft ; but *Mars* (whose word
 admits no other Second but his Sword)
 unsheath'd his furious Brand-Iron, and let fly
 a blow at *Morpheus* head, which had well nigh
 clov'n him in twain, had not the Queen of Night
 hurl'd hasty Mists before, his darkned sight :
 so that the Sword, by a false-guiding aim,
 struck *Vulcan's* foot, which ever since was lame..
 At last the Gods came down, and thought it good
 to nip this early quarrel in the bud ;
 Who fearing uproars, with a friendly Cup
 of bless'd *Nepenthe* took the quarrel up,
 And, for th' offence committed, did proclaim
 This Sentence in offended *Juno's* Name.

[The Sentence.]

Morpheus from hence is banish'd for this Night,
 And not to approach before the morning-light.
Mars is exil'd for ever, as a Guest
 adjudg'd unfitting for a Marriage-Feast.
Cupid is doom'd to roam and rove about
 to the Worlds end, and both his eyes put out.
Venus is censur'd to perpetual Night,
 And not (unless by stealth) to see the light ;
 Her chiefest joy to be but pleasing folly,
 Perform'd with madness, dog'd with melancholy.

And here the Musick did invite their paces
 To measure time, and by exchange of places
 To lead the curious beholder's eye
 A willing Captive to variety.

Thus, with the sweet vicissitude of Mirth
 They spent their time, as if that Heav'n and Earth
 Had studied to please Man in such a measure,
 That Art cou'd do no more t' augment their plea-
 And so they vanish'd. (sure :

Now Ceres Evening bounty re-invites
 Her Noble Guests to her renown'd Delights,
 And frolick *Bacchus*, to refresh their souls,
 With a full hand presents his swelling Bowls:
 Wine came unwish'd, like Water from a source,
 And Delicates were mingl'd with Discourse,
 What Art could do to make a welcome Guest,
 Was lib'rally presented at that Feast.

It was no sooner ended, but appears
 An old gray Pilgrim deeply struck in years,
 In tatter'd garments: In his wrinkled hand
 An hour-glass lab'ring with her latest sand;
 Beneath his Arm a buffen Knap-sack hung,
 Stuff'd full of Writings in an unknown Tongue,
 Chronologies, out-dated Almanacks,
 And Patents that had long surviv'd their Wax.
 Unto his shoulder Eagle-wings were join'd;
 His head ill-thatch'd before, but bald behind;
 And leaning on his crooked Scythe, he made
 A little pause, and after that he said.

*Mortals, 'tis out; my Glass is run,
 And with it the Day is done:
 Dark shadows have expell'd the Light,
 And my Glass is turn'd for Night.
 The Queen of darkness bids me say,
 Mirth is fitter for the Day;*

Upon the Day such joys attend,
 With the Days such joys must end;
 Think not Darkness goes about,
 Like Death, to puff your pleasures out.
 No, no, she'll lend you new Delights;
 She hath Pleasures for the Nights;
 When as her shadow shall benight ye;
 She hath what shall still Delight ye.
 Aged time shall make it known,
 She hath Dainties of her own.

'Tis very late; away, away,
 Let Day-sports expire with Day.
 For this time we adjourn our Feast;
 The Bridegroom fain would be at rest:
 And if the Night-pastimes displease ye,
 Day will quickly come and ease ye.

With that, a sweet Vermilion tincture stain'd
 The Bride's fair cheeks; the more that she restrain'd
 Her blush, the more her disobedient blood
 Did overflow; as if a second flood
 Had meant to rise, and for a little space
 To drown that World of Beauty in her Face.
 She blush'd (but knew not why) and like the Moon,
 She look'd most red upon her going down.

But see! the smiling Ladies do begin
 To join their whisp'ring heads, as there had been
 A Plot of Treason; till at length, unspy'd,
 They stole away th' unwilling willing Bride:
 Their busie hands unrob'd her, and so led
 The timorous Virgin to her Nuptial-Bed.

By this, the Nobles having recommended
 Their tongue to silence, their discourse being ended;
 They look'd about, and thinking to have done
 Their service to the Bride, the Bride was gone.
 And now the Bridegroom, (unto whom delay
 Seem'd worse than death) could brook no longer stay,

Attended

Attended by his Noble Guests, he enters
That Room where th' interchangable Indentures
Of dearest Love lay ready to be seal'd
With mutual Pleasures not to be reveal'd.

His Garments grew too tedious, and their weight
(Not able to be born) do over-freight
His weary shoulders: *Atlas* never stoopt
Beneath a greater burden, and not droopt.
No help was wanting, for he did receive
What sudden aid he could expect or have
From speedy hands, from hands that did not waste
The time, unless, perchance, by over-haste.
Mean while a dainty warbling breast, not strong,
As sweet, presents this *Epithal'mion* Song.

M An of War, march bravely on,
The Field's not easie to be won;
There's no danger in that war,
Where Lips both Swords and Bucklers are,
Here's no Cold to Chill thee,
A Bed of Down's thy Field;
Here is no Sword to Kill thee,
Unless thou please to yield.
Here is nothing will incumber,
Here will be no scars to number,
These be Wars of Cupid's making,
These be Wars will keep you waking,
Till the early breaking-day
Calls your forces hence away.
These be Wars that make no spoil;
Death here shoots his shafts in vain:
Tho' the Soldier get a foil,
He will rouse and fight again.
These be Wars that never cease,
But conclude a mutual Peace.

Let benign and Prosperous Stars
 Breathe success upon these Wars,
 And when thrice three months be run,
 Be thou Father of a Son;
 A Son that may derive from thee
 The Honour of true Merit,
 And may to Ages yet to be
 Convey thy blood, thy Spirit.
 Making the Glory of his Fame
 Perpetuate and crown thy Name,
 And give it Life in spite of Death,
 When Fame shall want both Trump and breath.

Have you beheld in a fair Summers-even
 The golden-headed Charioteer of Heaven,
 With what a speed his prouder reins do bend
 His panting Horses to their Journeys end?
 How red he looks, with what a swift career
 He hurries to the lower Hemisphere,
 And in a moment shoots his golden head
 Upon a Pillow of blushing *Thetis* bed?
 Y'n so the Bridegroom (whose desire had wings
 More swift than Time switch'd on with Pleasure
 Into his Nuptial-Bed. And, look how fast (springs
 The stooping Falcon clips, and with what haste,
 Her Talons seize upon the timorous prey:
 Y'n so his Arms (impatient of delay)
 His circling Arms embrac'd his blushing Bride;
 While she (poor soul) lay trembling by his side:
 The Bridegroom now grows weary of his guests,
 What Mirth of late was pleasing, now molests
 His tired patience. Too much sweet offends:
 Sometimes to be forsaken of our Friends,
 A *Cupid's* Morals is observ'd to be
 The Fruits of Friendship in the best degree.
 And thus at last the Curtains being clos'd,
 They left them in each others Arms repos'd.

And

And here my Muse bids draw our Curtains too,
 'Tis unfit to see what private Lovers do.
 Reader, let not thy thoughts grow over rank,
 But veil thy understanding with a blank,
 Think not on what thou think'st; and if thou canst,
 Yet understand not what thou understand'st;
 Sow not thy fruitful heart with so poor seeds;
 Or if perchance unsown they spring like weeds,
 Use them as weeds thou know'st not how to kill,
 Slight 'em, and let 'em thrive against your will;
 View them like evil Art cannot prevent,
 But see thou take no pleasure in the scent.
 And one thing more: When as the morning-light
 Shall bring the bashful Bride into thy sight,
 Be not too cruel; let no wanton eye
 Disturb and wrong her conscious Modesty:
 And if she blush, examin not for what;
 Nay, tho' thou see it (Reader) see it not.

And thall our story discontinue here,
 Or want a Period till another year?
 Shall we befriend these Lovers with the night,
 And leave them bury'd in their own delight,
 And so conclude? No, it shall ne'er be said
 That Marriage-joys end in the Marriage-bed.
 Fond and adult'rate is that Love, which sounds
 Her happiness on such unstable grounds,
 And like a sudden blaze, it never lasts,
 But as the pleasure waxes cold, it wastes.

Now *Argalus* awakes, and now the Light
 Is never as welcome to him as the Night;
 His eyes are fix'd upon his lovely Bride,
 While she lies sweetly slumbering by his side:
 She sleeps, he views her; thrice his mind was bent
 To call *Parthenia*, and thrice it did repent.
 Sometimes his Lips with a stoln Kiss would greet
 Her guiltless Lips: (They say, stoln goods are sweet

At length she wakes, and hides her blushing cheeks
In his warm bosom, where she safely seeks
For Sanctuary, whereunto should fly
The guilt of her protected Modesty.

He smiles, and whisp'ed in her deafned ear;
(*Women can understand, and yet not hear.*)

He speaks, but she (ev'n whilst his Lips were breaking
Their words) with hers did stop his lips from speaking
When thrice three Suns had now almost out-worn
The rare Solemnities that did adorn

These Princely Nuptials, and had made report
Grow something sparing in th' *Arcadian* Court,
The Bridegroom, whose endeavours were address'd
To practise what might please his fair Bride best,
Resolv'd to leave *Kalander's* house, and crown
Parthenia sole Commander of her own.

Long was it e'er *Kalander's* liberal ear
Could be unlock'd; it had no power to hear
The word, Farewel. Still *Argalus* intreated,
And fram'd excuses; which he soon defeated.
But as the stout *Alcides* did cashier

One rising head, another would appear:
Ev'n so, whilst his ingenious love did smother
One cause of parting, he would find another.

Kalander thus at last (being over-wrought
With words that importunity had taught
Inexorable Argalus) was fain

To yield, what he so long gain-said in vain.

Tis now concluded *Argalus* must go;
But yet *Kalander* must not leave them so:

There is no parting, till the aged Sire
Shall warm his Fingers by *Parthenia's* fire.

Parthenia sues, *Kalander* must not rest,
Till he become *Parthenia's* promis'd Guest.

To morrow next, when *Titan's* early Ray
Had given fair earnest of a fairer day,

And

And with his trembling Beams had repossess'd
The eyes of Mortals newly rous'd from Rest,
They left *Kalander's* Castle, and that night
Arriv'd there at the *Palace of Delight*,
(For so 'twas call'd;) it was a goodly seat,
Well chosen, not capacious as neat;
Yet was it large enough to entertain
A Potent Prince with all his Princely-Train:
It seem'd a Center to a Park, well stor'd
With Deer, whose well-thriv'n Bounty did afford
Continual pleasure and delight; nay, what
The Earth calls good, this Seat afforded not?
Th' impatient Faulc'ner here may learn to say
Forgotten pray'rs, and bless him ev'ry day;
The patient Angler here may tire his wish,
And (if he please) may swear, and yet catch fish
The sneaking Fowler may go boldly on,
And ne'er want sport until his Powder's done
And, to conclude, there was no stint, no measure
To th' *Old Man's Profit*, or the *Young Man's Pleasure*
Thither this night the Nuptial-Troop is gone,
And now *Parthenia's* welcome to her own.
But would you hear what entertainment past?
Conceive it rather; for my Quill would waste
Th' unthriving stock of my bespoken time,
While such free bounty cannot stand with Rhime
But that which most did season and embellish
Their choice delights, and gave the truest relish
To their best mirth and pleasures, was to see
With that a sweet conjugal harmony
All things were carry'd, ev'ry word did prove
To add some acquisition to their Love.
So one they were, that none could justly say
Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey,
He rul'd, because she would obey; and she
In thus obeying, rul'd as well as he

What pleased him would need no other cause
 To please her too, but only his applause,
 A happy Pair, whose double like but one,
 Made one life double, and the single none.
 Thus when th' unconstant Lady of the Night
 Had chang'd her sharp'n'd horns for an orb of light,
 Kalander (whose occasions grew too strong,
 And may not be dispens'd withal too long)
 Takes leave, and being equal heavy-hearted
 With sad *Parthenia* for his haste, departed,
 But *Argalus* (who never yet could own
 Himself with more advantage than alone)
 And fair *Parthenia* (whose well-pleas'd desire
 Hopes nothing else, if *Argalus* be by her)
 Need not the help of any to augment
 The better joys of their retir'd content;
 Sometimes the curious Garden would invite
 Their gentle paces to her proud delight; (pleasure
 Sometimes the well-stor'd Park wou'd change their
 And tender to her view the light-foot treasure,
 Where th' unmolested Herd wou'd seem to stand,
 And crave a death at fair *Parthenia's* hand;
 Sometimes her steps wou'd climb th' ambitious Tow'r,
 From whose aspiring top they might discover
 A little Common-wealth of Land, which none
 But *Argalus* durst challenge as his own;
 Sometimes (for change of pleasure) he would read
 Selected stories, whilst her ears would feed
 Upon his lips, and now and then a Kiss
 Would interpose like a Parenthesis,
 Between their semi-circ'd Arms inclos'd.
 Oh! what dull spirits could be dispos'd
 To read such lines!) and whilst upon the Book
 His eyes were fix'd, her pleas'd eyes would look
 Upon the graceful Reader, and envy
 Story far more pleasing in his eye.

Upon a day as they were closely seated,
 Her ears attending whil'st his lips repeated
 A story treating the renown'd Adventures
 And famous Acts of Great *Alcides*, enters
 A Messenger, whose count'nance did bewray
 A haste too serious to admit delay,
 His hand presents his Letters, which did bring
 Their sealed errand from th' *Arcadian* King;
 Whereat *Parthenia* rose, and stept aside;
 Her thoughts were troubled; ever as she ey'd
 The Messenger, her Colour comes and goes,
Parthenia fears, and yet *Parthenia* knows
 Not what to fear; her jealous heart knows now
 To fear an evil, cause it fears to know,
 And as he read the Lines, her eyes were fix'd
 Upon his eye, which seem'd to strive betwixt
 A thousand thwarting Passions. Once he cast
 His eyes on her, and finding her so fast.
 On his, he blush'd, she blush'd, both blush'd together,
 Because they blush'd, for want, unknown to either,
 The Letter being read (and having kiss'd
Basilus Name) he speedily dismiss'd
 The Messenger, with promise to obey
Basilus just Commands without delay.
 That done, he took *Parthenia* by the hand,
 His dear *Parthenia* by the trembling-hand,
 And to her greedy eye he strait presents
 The Paper, blacken'd with its sad Contents,
Parthenia with a fearful slowness took it,
 And with a fearful haste did overlook it;
 Her face being blanch'd with the palid signs
 Of what she fear'd too soon, she read these Lines.

BASILUS REX.

W Hereas the famous and victorious Name
 Of great *Amphialus* makes the Trump of Fame
 But
 Up
 Th
 Ab
 Brass

Breath nothing but his Conquests and Renown,
 Whose lawless Actions Fortune strives to crown
 (In spite of Justice) with a Victor's Merit,
 Respecting more the Greatness of his Spirit
 Than Justice of his Cause, to the dishonour
 Of Virtue, and all those that wait upon her,
 And further more, Where his Pow'r is known
 To oppugn the Welfare of our State and Crown
 With strong Rebellion, to the high advancement
 Of his disloyal Glory, and inbancement
 Of his perfidious Name, the great increase
 Of Factions, and disturbance of our Peace,
 Likewise, Whereas his high prevailing hand
 (Against the force whereof no flesh can stand)
 Cou'd ne'er be equal'd yet much less o'ercome,
 But with loud Triumph still does carry home
 The spoils of our lost Honour, to the Fame
 Of his rebellious Glory, and our shame,
 We therefore in our Princely-Care propending
 The serious premises, and much depending
 On your known Courage, have selected You
 To stand our Champion-Royal, and renew
 Our wasted Honour, with your Sword and Lance,
 In equal Duel. Thus you shall advance
 The glorious pitch of your renowned Name
 With the brave purchase of eternal Fame:
 In this you shall revive our dying Glory,
 And live the Subject of this Age's Story,
 (Which shall be read till Time shall have an end)
 And till Basilus your perpetual Friend.

To our Right Trusty and Noble
 Kinsman *Argalus*

But as she read, her tears did trickle down
 Upon the lines, as if they meant to drown
 Th' unwelcome Message, and at length she said,
 Ah me! (my *Argalus*) was't this you made

Such haste to answer? did that Answer need
To be returned with so great a speed?

Can you, Oh! Can you be so quickly won
To leave your poor Parthenia, and be gone?

To whom resolved *Argalus* (whose eye
Was fix'd upon his Honour) made reply,
My dear *Parthenia*, were it to obtain
The unsumm'd Wealth of *Pluto*, or to gain
The sovereignty o'th Earth without expence
Of blood or sweat, without the least pretence
Of danger, my Ambition would despise
The easie Conquest of so great a Prize,
If purchas'd by thy discontent, or by
The poorest tear that trickles from thine eye:

But to recal my promise, or forsake
That resolution Honour bids me make
In this behalf, or to betray that trust
Repos'd in me, the Gods would be unjust,
(And not themselves) if they wou'd but command
Or urge me with an over-swaying hand.
My dear *Parthenia*, let no false suggestion
Abuse my passion, or presume to question
My dearest Love; tho' Honour bids us Part,
Yet Honour cannot rob thee of my heart:
Honour, that calls me with her loud Alarms,
Will bring me back with triumph to thine Arms

So said, the sad *Parthenia* (whose tears
Are turn'd Lieutenants to her tongue) forbears
To tempt her language, Griefs that are but small
Can speak, when great ones cannot vent at all,
But tender-hearted *Argalus* (to whom
Such silence speaks too loud) forsook the Room,
And with a breast as full of pensive Care
As Honour, gave directions to prepare
His warlike Steel, his Martial Attire.

And here, O thou, thou great supreme Protectress
 Of bolder Spirits and the sole Directress
 Of lofty-flying Quills, which shall derive
 To after-times what glorious Swords achieve,
 And mak'st the Actions of Heroic Spirits
 Perpetuate, and crown their Names, their Merits,
 Illustrious *Clio*, aid me, and inspire
 My ragged Rhimes with thy Diviner Fire;
 Teach me to raise my Stile, and to attain
 A pitch that may transcend the vulgar strain.
 Reach me a Quill rent from an Eagles Wing,
 And let my Ink be Blood, that I may sing
 Death to the life; Let him that reads, expound
 Each dath a Sword, and ev'ry word a Wound.

By this the Champion-Royal had put on
 His Martial-Weeds; but hastning to be gone,
 The poor *Parthenia*, whose cold Fit past
 (Like those in Agues) now does burn as fast,
 She leaves the lonely Room, and coming out,
 She finds her *Argalus* enclos'd about
 With glittering Walls of Steel, apparell'd round
 In his bright Arms, (whom she had rather found
 Lockt up in hers) and wanting nothing now,
 But what her lips could not, poor soul! allow
 Without a Sea of Tears, her last farewell,
 She ran unto him, wept, and weeping fell
 Upon her Knees, she clasp'd him by the Arm,
 And looking up, she thus began to charm.

My *Argalus*, my *Argalus*, my Dear;
 And wilt thou go, and leave *Parthenia* here?
 Wilt thou forsake me then? And can these Tears
 Nor intercede between thy deafned ears
 And my sad suit? Canst thou, Oh! canst thou go
 And leave the poor distress'd *Parthenia* so?
Parthenia sues, *Parthenia* does implore,
 And *Parthenia* begs, that never begg'd before.

Remember, Oh! remember you are now
Under the power of a sacred Vow.
Honour must stoop to Vows, which once being crack'd,
You cannot do an honourable Act.

I have a Right unto you, you are mine;
I have that Int'rest which I'll ne'er resign
Till death. I'll never hazard to forego
My whole Estate of happiness at one throw.
No, no, I will not; I will hold thee fast,
In spite of honour, and her nine-days blast.
Your former acts have given sufficient proof
To the wide World, your Valour's known enough,
Without a fairer trial, there's enow
To lose their lives (less worthy) besides you.

'Twas then a time for Arms, when they had none,
None other left to venture, but your own.

Excuse me then, that only do endeavour
To hold mine own, which now I must, or never.

Mine, mine you are, and you can undertake
No danger, but Parthenia must partake.

Shall your Parthenia be endanger'd then?

Parthenia shall be present, even when

The strokes fall thickest, and Parthenia shall
Suffer what e'er to Argalus may befall;

Parthenia in your greatest pain shall smart;

Your blood shall trickle from Parthenia's heart.

Can prayers obtain no place? By this dear hand,

The sacred Pledge of our Conjugal-Band;

By all the pleasures of our dearest Love;

By Heav'n, and all the heav'nly Pow'rs above;

Or, if those motives cannot find a room,

Ten by the tender Fruit that in my Womb

Begins to bud; or, if ought else appear

best thoughts more Precious, or more dear,

will forsake me not, although the rest

prevail not; Grant this first, this last request.

To whom the broken-hearted *Argalus*,
 weary'd, but not o'ercome, made answer thus:
 My dear *Parthenia*, thy desires never
 in-said my will till now; do not persevere
 crave the boon I cannot grant; forbear
 urge me, Resolution hath no ear.
 Keep not (my Foy) let not these drops of thine,
 that trickle from so fair an eye, divine
 foul success. Cheer up, a smile or two
 thou'd make me half a Conquerour e're I go:
 Shine out, and let no envious Clouds benight
 the glorious lustre of so fair a light.
 Doubt not my Life: The Justice of my Cause,
 that brings me on, will quit me with applause;
 Fear not, that such a Blessing, such a Wife,
 was e'er intended for so short a Life.
 Expect my safe return, as quick as glorious:
 My Genius tells me, I shall live Victorious.
 So said, as if that passion had forgot
 her Mother-Tongue, her tongue replied not:
 But like to one that stricken with the Thunder,
 he stood betwixt amazement, fear, and wonder.
 His lips took leave, and as his arms surrounded
 her feeble waste, the strait fell down, and swounded.
 But *Argalus*, transported with the tide
 and tyranny of honour, could abide
 no longer stay; he turns her to the Guard
 of her own Women, left her, and repair'd
 into the Camp, wherein he spent some days
 in parly with *Amphialus*, and assays
 by all persuasive means to make him yield
 to just demands, and not to stain the field
 with needless blood. But finding him unapt
 for peaceful counsel, being strongly rapt
 with his own Fame, and scorning to afford
 his Ear to any Language, but the Sword,

He ceas'd t' address him, and (enforc'd to try
A rougher Dialect) wrote him this delie.

Renowned *Ambialus*,

If strong Perswasions, back'd with Reasons, could
Been honour'd with your ear, your Wisdom would
In yielding to so fair a Peace, have won
As ample Glory as your Sword have done.
You should have conquer'd Souls, where now at most
You can subdue but bodies, that have lost
The power to resist. But since my suit,
Sown on so barren soil, can find no fruit,
Receive a mortal Challenge from a hand
Whose Justice takes a Glory to withstand
So foul a Cause, and labours to subdue
Your heedless Errors, whilst it honours You.
Compose you then to make a preparation.
According to your nob'e wonted fashion,
And think not slight of ne'er so weak an Arm
That strikes, when Justice strikes up her Alarm,

Argalus

No sooner had he read it, but his Pen
With noble speed return'd these Lines agen.

Much more renowned *Argalus*,

Your faithful Servant, whose victorious brow
Was never daunted yet, is daunted now
By your courtesie, being stricken dumb
With your brave worth, and fairly overcome :
Yet doubting not the Justice of my Cause
(That's over-ruled by the sacred Laws
Of dearest Love) will give my Sword the pow'r
Ev'n to maintain it to the latest hour.
I shall expect your coming to the Isle,
Where with a heart (not poyson'd with the bile
Or gall of malice) with my dearest Blood
Your Servant shall be ready to make good

try his just designs. Assured of no less
 than triple fame, if crowned with success:
 not, there's no dishonour can accrue,
 by being conquer'd and o'ercome by you.

Amphialus.

Soon after, *Argalus* (whose Blood did boil
 To be in action) comes into the Isle,
 Clad in white Armour gilt, and strangely dress'd
 With knots of Womans hair, which from his Crest
 Hung dangling down, and with their bounteous trea-
 surer-spread his Crocket in a liberal measure: [sure
 his curious Furniture was fashion'd out
 like to a flying Eagle, round about
 beset with Plumes, whose crooked Beak (being cast
 into a costly Jewel) was made fast
 To th' Saddle-bow, her spreading Train did cover
 his Crupper, whilst the Trappers seem'd to hover
 like wings, that to the fix'd beholders eye,
 as the Horse pranc'd, the Eagle seem'd to fly.
 Upon his Arm (his threatening Arm) he wore
 a sleeve all curiously embroider'd o'er
 With bleeding Hearts, which fair *Parthenia* made
 In those cross times when Fortune so betray'd
 their secret Love, and with a smiling frown
 dash'd their false hopes) as Copies of her own:
 Upon his Shield (for his Device) he set [met;
 two neighb'ring Palms, whose building branches
 and twin'd together; the obscure Impress
 import'd this, *Thus flourishing as these.*
 His Horse was of a fiery Sorrel, black
 his Main, his Feet, his Tail; on his proud back
 coal-black Lift; his Nostrils open wide,
 breath'd War, before his sparkling Eye descri'd
 an Enemy t' encounter; up by turns
 he lifts his hasty Hoofs, as if he scorns

The

The Earth, or if his tab'ring feet had found
A way to go, and yet ne'er change the ground.

By this *Amphialus* (who all this while
Thought minutes years) was landed in the Isle
In all respects provided, to afford
As bounteous entertainment as the Sword
And Lance could give; and at the Trumpets sound
The Steed (that needed not a prick to wound
Their *bleeding flanks*) both start, & with smooth run

[nim]

Their staves, declining with unshaken cunning,
Perform'd their Masters will with angry speed,
But *Argalus's* well instructed Steed
Being hot and full of Courage (fiercely led
By his own Pride) press'd in his prouder head;
The which when stout *Amphialus* espy'd,
(Well knowing it unsafe to give his tide)
Press'd it likewise, so that both Men and Horse
Shouldring each other, with a double force
Fell to the ground. But by accusom'd skill,
And help of Fortunes hand, that succours still
Bold Spirits, shunn'd the danger of the fall,
And had (less fear'd than hurt) no harm at all.
They rose, drew forth their swords, which now bore
To do what their left Staves had left undone. [gun]

Have ye beheld a Leaguer, in what sort
The deep-mouth'd Cannon plays upon the Fort,
And how by piece-meals it doth batter down
The yielding Walls of the besieged Town?
Ev'n so their Swords (whose oft-repeated blows
Could find no patience yet to interpose
A breathing respite) with redoubled strength
So hew'd their proofless Armours, that at length
Their failing trust began to prove unsound,
And piece by piece they dropt upon the ground,
Trusting their bodies to a bare defence
Of Virtue, and unarmed Innocence.

Suo

Each deadly blows were dealt, and such requited,
 That Mars himself stood ravish'd and affrighted
 To see the cruel Combat; every blow,
 Did act two parts; both struck and guarded too
 At self-same instant. So incomparable
 Their skillful quickness was, that none was able
 To say (altho' their watchful eyes attended
 The strokes) who made the blow, or who defended,
 Long was it e'er their equal skill or force
 Of Arms could shew a better or a worse:
 Neither prevail'd as yet, yet both excell'd
 In not prevailing. Never eye beheld
 More equal odds. No wound as yet could show
 A drop of wasted Blood, yet every blow
 Was full of death. *When skillful Gamesters play,*
The Christmas-box gains often more than they.

At length the Sword of *Argalus* (that never
 Thirsted so long in vain till now, nor ever
 Made vict'ry doubtful for so long a space)
 Fastned a wound on the disarmed Face
 Of the renown'd *Amphialus*, wherein
 Had not his faithful Shield born part, and been
 An equal sharer, his unequal Foe
 No doubt had summ'd his Conquest in that blow:
 With that, the stout *Amphialus*, whose harm
 Gave sprightly quickness to his wounded Arm,
 Up heav'd his thirsty Brand-iron, and let fly
 A downright blow, but with a falsifie
 Revers'd the stroke, and left a gaping wound
 In his right Arm. But *Argalus*, that found
 Loss of blood, exchange'd his open play,
 And for his more advantage closely lay
 Upon a lower Guard; withal expecting
 Hop'd revenge, which was not long effecting.
 Or whilst *Amphialus* (whose hopes inflam'd
 His tyr'nous thoughts with Conquest, and proclaim'd

Undoubted

Undoubted Vict'ry) heap'd his strokes so fast,
 As if each blow had scorn'd to be the last :
 The watchful *Argalus* (whose nimble eye
 Dispos'd his time in only putting by)
 Put home a thrust (his right-foot coming in)
 And pierc'd his navel, that the wound had been
 No less than Death, if *Fortune* (that can turn
 A mischief to advantage) had forborn
 To shew a Miracle; for with that blow
Amphialus last made, his Arm had so
 O'er struck it self, that sideward to the ground
 He fell; and falling, he receiv'd that Wound,
 Which, had he stood, had enter'd in point-blank
 But, falling, only graz'd upon his flank.
 Being down, brave *Argalus's* threatening Sword
 Bids yield. *Amphialus* answering not a word
 (As one whose mighty Spirit did disdain
 A life of Alms) but striving to regain
 His Legs and Honour, *Argalus* let drive,
 With all the strength a wounded Arm could give,
 Upon his head; but his hurt Arm (not able
 To do him present service answerable
 To his desires) let his Weapon fall.
 With that *Amphialus* (tho' dazl'd withal)
 Arose; but *Argalus* ran in, and grasp'd
 (Being clos'd together) with him, were both clasp'd
 And grip'd each in th' unfriendly Arms of either;
 A while they grapl'd, grappling fell together,
 And on the ground with equal Fortune strove :
 Sometimes *Amphialus* was got above,
 And sometimes *Argalus*, both jointly vow'd
 Revenge, both wallow'd in their mingled blood,
 Both bleeding fresh. Now *Argalus* bids yield,
 And now *Amphialus*. Both would win the field,
 Yet neither could. At last, by free consent,
 They rose, and to their Breath'd Swords they went.

The Combat's now renew'd both laying on,
 As if the Fight had been but new begun;
 New wounds assuage the smarting of the old,
 And warm Blood intermingles with the cold:
 But *Argalus* (whose wounded Arm had lost
 More Blood than all his Body could almost
 Supply, and, like an unthrift, that expends
 So long as he hath either Stock or Friends)
 Bled more than his spent fountain could make good;
 His Spirit could give Courage, but not Blood.

As when to Wealthy Clients, that wax old
 In suit (whose Learned Counsel can uphold,
 And gloze the Cause alike on either side)
 During the time their Termly Golden Tide
 Shall flow alike from both, 'tis hard to say
 Who prospers best, or who shall get the day
 But he whose Water first shall cease to flow,
 And ebb so long, till it shall ebb too low,
 His Cause (tho' richly laden to the Brink
 With Right) shall strike upon the Bar, and sink;
 And then an easie Counsel may unfold
 The doubt; the *Question's* ended with the *Gold*,
 Ev'n so our Combatants, the whilst their Blood
 Was equal spilt, their Cause seem'd equal good;
 The Vict'ry equal, equal was their Arms;
 Their hopes were equal, equal was their harms,
 But when poor *Argalus* his wasting Blood
 Ebb'd in his Veins (altho' it made a flood,
 A precious flood, in the ungrateful field)
 His cause, his strength, but not his heart must yield.
 Thus wounded *Argalus*, the more he fail'd,
 The more the proud *Amphialus* prevail'd.
 With that *Amphialus* (whose noble strife
 Was but to purchase Honour, and not Life)
 Perceiving what advantage in the fight
 He gained, and the Valour of the Knight,

Became his suitor, that himself would please
 To pity himself, and let the Combat cease,
 Which Noble *Argalus*, that never us'd
 In Honour to part stakes, with thanks refus'd
 (Like to a luckless Gamester, who, the more
 He loses, is less willing to give o'er)
 And filling up his empty Veins with spight,
 Begins to sum his Forces and unite
 His broken strength, and (like a Lamp that make
 The greatest blaze at going out) he takes
 His Sword in both his hands, and at a blow
 Cleft Armour-Shield, and Arm almost in two.
 But now enrag'd *Amphialus* forgets
 All pity, and trusting to his Cards; he sets
 That stock of Courage treasur'd in his breast,
 Making his whole estate of strength his rest;
 And views such blows, as *Argalus* could not see
 Without his loss of life, so thunder'd he
 Upon his wounded Body, that each Wound
 Seem'd like an open sluice of Blood, that found
 No hand to stop it, till the doleful cry
 Of a most beauteous Lady (who well nigh
 Had run her self to death) restrain'd his arm
 (Perchance too late) from doing further harm.

It was the *Parthenia*, who that night
 Had dream't she saw her Husband in that plight
 She now had found him; fear and love together
 Gave her no rest till they had brought her thither
 The nature of her fear did now begin
 To expel the fear of Nature, stepping in
 Between their pointed Swords, she prostrate lay
 Before their blood-bed-bled-feet, to say
 She knew not what; for as her lips would strive
 To be deliver'd, a deep sigh would drive
 Th' abortive issue of her Language forth;
 Which, born untimely, perish'd in the birth,

An

Book 3. *Argalus and Parthenia.*

And if her sighs would give her leave to vent it,
 Oh! then a tear would trickle, and prevent it.
 But when the Wind of her loud Sighs had laid
 The showers of her Tears, she sob'd and said,
 O wretched eye of mine! O wailful sight!
 O day of darkness! O eternal night!
 And there she stopt; her eyes being fix'd upon
Amphialus, she sigh'd, and thus went on.

My Lord,

'Tis said you love, Then by that sacred Pow'r
 Of Love, as you'll find mercy in that hour
 Of greatest misery, leave off, and sheath
 Your bloody Sword; or else, if nought but Death
 May slake your anger, Oh! let mine, let mine
 Be a sufficient Offering at the Shrine
 Of your appeased thoughts; or, if you thirst
 For *Argalus's* Life, then take mine first;
 Or, if for Noble Blood you seek, if so,
 Accept of mine, My Blood is Noble too,
 And worth the spilling. Even for her dear sake
 Your tender Soul affects, awake, awake
 Your noble Mercy. Grant I care not whether;
 Let me die first, or kill us both together.
 With that *Amphialus* was about to speak,
 But *Argalus* (whose heart did almost break
 To hear *Parthenia's* words) made this Reply.

*Parthenia, ah Parthenia! then must I
 Be bought and sold for tears? Is my condition
 So poor, I cannot live but by Petition?*
 So said, he stept aside (for fear, by chance
 The fury of some misguided blow may glance,
 And touch *Parthenia*) and fill'd with high disdain
 Would have begun the Combat fresh again,
 But now *Amphialus* was charm'd, his hand
 Had no sufficient Warrant to withstand

Parthenia's suit, from whose fair eyes there came
Such precious Tears in so belov'd a Name.
His eyes grew tender, and his melting heart
Was overcome, his very Soul did smart,
He stirr'd not, but kept him at a distance,
And (putting by some blows) made no resistance;

But what can long endure? Lamps wanting Oyl
Must out at last, although they blaze a while.

Trees wanting sap must wither; strength and beauty
Can elaim no privilege to quit that Duty
They owe to Time and Change; but like a Vine
(Th' unsound supporters failing) must decline,
Poor Argalus grows faint and must give o'er
To strike, his feeble arm can strike no more,
And Nature's pale-fac'd Belly now distrains
His Blood, for that small debt which yet remains
Unpaid, His Arm, that cannot use the point,
Now leans upon the Pomel; every joint
Disclaims their idle sinews, and his eye
Begins to double every Object by.

Nothing appears the same it was, The ground
And all thereon does seem to dance the round,
His Legs grow faint, and thinking to sit down,
He miss'd his Chair, and fell into a swoon.

With that Amphialus and Parthenia ran,
Ran in with haste, Amphialus began
To loose his Helmet, whilst her busie Palm
Shad his close Temples, and (distilling Balm
Into his Wounds) her hasty Fingers tore
Her Linnen-sleeves, and Partlet that she wore,
To wipe the tear mix'd blood away, and wrap
His Wounds withal; Upon her panting Lap
He laid his liveless head, and (wanting bands
To bind his bloody Cloaths) her nimble hands
As if it were ordained for that end,
(and therefore made so long) did freely rend

Her

ook 3.
ame
er dainty Hair by handfuls from her head,
ut as she wrapt the Wounds, her eyes would shed,
nd wet the rags so much, that she was fain
With sighs and sobs to dry it up again:
hus half distracted with her Grievs and Fears,
hese Words she intermingles with her Tears.
Distress'd Parthenia! into what Estate
ath Fortune, and the direful hand of Fate,
riven thy perplexed soul? O thou, O thou,
ut were the President of all Joys, but now,
ow turn'd th' Example of all Misery—
or Torments worse than Death to practise by!
ow less than nothing art thou! And how more
han miserable! Thou that wert before
all Ladies of the Earth for happiness,
ut very now (ah me!) now nothing less.
Oh angry Heav'n! what hath Parthenia done,
to be thus plagu'd? or why not plagu'd alone,
f guilty? What shall poor Parthenia do?
To whom shall she complain, alas! or who
shall give relief? Nry, who can give relief
To her that hopes for succour from her Grief?
Oh Death! must we be parted then for ever,
And never meet again? What! Never? Never?
Or shall Parthenia now be so unkind,
To leave her Argalus, and stay behind?
No, no, my dearest Argalus; make room,
(There's room enough in Heav'n) I come, I come.

Who ever saw a dying Coal of Fire
Lurk in warm Embers (till some breath inspire
A forc'd revival) how obscure it lies,
And being blown, glimmers a while, and dies:
So Argalus, to whom Parthenia's breath
Giving new life (a life in spite of death)
Recall'd him from his death-resembling Trance;
Who from a panting Pillow did advance

His feeble head, and looking up he made
Hard shift to force a Language, and thus said.

My dear Parthenia, now my Glass is run,
The Tapers tell me, that the Play is done.
My days are summ'd, Death seizes on my heart;
Alas! the time is come, and we must part.
Yet, by my better hopes, grim Death doth bring
No Grief to Argalus, no other Sting,
But this, that I must leave thee, even before
My grateful Actions can cross the score
Of thy dear Merits.

But since it pleases Him, whose Wisdom still
Disposes all things by his better Will,
Depend upon his Goodness, and rely
Upon his pleasure, not enquiring why;
And trust that one day we shall meet, and then
Enjoy each other, ne'er to part again.
Mean while, live happy. Let Parthenia make
No doubt but blessed Argalus shall partake
In all her Joys on Earth, which shall increase
His Joys in Heav'n, and Soul's Eternal Peace.
Love well the dear remembrance of thy true
And faithful Argalus; let no thought renew
My last disgrace. Think not the hand of Fate
Made me unworthy, tho' unfortunate.

And as he spake that Word, his Lips did vent
A Sigh, whose violence had well-nigh rent
His heart in twain; and when a parting Kiss
Had given him earnest of approaching Bliss,
He snatch'd his Sword into his hand, and cry'd:
O Death! thou art Conquerour, and dy'd.
With that Parthenia, whose livelihood was founded
Upon his life, bow'd down her head, and swoounded
But Grief, that (like a Lion) loves to play
Before it kills, gave Death a longer Day;

He had *Parthenia* dy'd, since Death depriv'd
 him of his life, in whose dear life she liv'd.
 But, ah! *Parthenia's* sorrow was too deep,
 Too too unruly to be lull'd asleep
 By ought but Death; she startles from her swoond,
 And nimbly rising from the loathed ground,
 Kneels down, and lays her trembling-hand upon
 His lukewarm lips; but finding his breath gone,
 Grief plays the tyrant, fierce distraction drives her
 She knows not where, *unbounded rage* deprives her
 Of sense and language; here and there she goes,
 Not knowing what to do, or what she does;
 Sometimes her fair misguided-hand would tear
 Her beauteous Face, sometimes her tress'd Hair,
 As if their use could stand her in no stead,
 Since her beloved *Argalus* was dead.

But now *Amphialus* (that all this space
 Stood like an Idol fastned to his place,
 Where with a World of Tears he did bemoan
 The deed that his unlucky hands had done)
 Well knowing that his Words would aggravate,
 Not ease the misery of her woful state,
 Speak not, but caus'd her Women that came with her
 To urge her to the Ferry, where together
 With her dead *Argalus* she imbarck'd, from whom
 She would not part. No sooner was she come
 To t' other Shoar, but all the funeral State
 Of military Discipline did wait
 Upon the Corps, whilst Troops of trickling eyes
 Fore-ran the well-perform'd Solemnities;
 The *Martial-Trumpet* breath'd her doleful sound,
 While others trail'd their *Ensigns* on the ground.
 Thus was the most lamented Corps convey'd
 Upon a Charior, lin'd, and over-lay'd
 With Sable, to his House, a House than night
 More black, no more the *Palace of Delight*:

Where

Where now we leave him to receive the Crown
 Prepar'd for Virtue, and deserv'd Renown,
 Where now we leave him to be full possesst
 Of endless Peace, and everlasting Rest.

But who shall comfort poor *Parthenia* now ?
 What Oratory can prevail ? Or how
 Can Counsel chuse but blush to undergo
 So vain a Task, and be contemned too ?
 May Reason move a heart, whose best relief
 Consists in desp'rate yielding to a Grief ?
 Or what Advice can relish in her ears,
 That weeps, and takes a pleasure in her tears ?

Readers, forbear, sorrows that are lamented
 Are but exulcerated, but augmented :
 Forbear t' attempt where there is no prevailing,
 A desp'rate Grief grows stronger by bewailing :
 Leave her to Time and Fortune ; let your eyes
 No longer pry into her Miseries :
 True Mourners love to be beheld of none ;
 Who truly grieves, desires to grieve alone.

But now our *blood-bound Muse* must draw and track
Amphialus, and bring the Murtherer back
 To a new Combat: where if Fortune please
 To crown our Tragick Scene, and to appease
 The crying Blood of *Argalus* with Blood,
 Our better relish'd Story (making good
 Your hopeful expectations) shall befriend
 The tears of our *Parthenia*, and end.

Soon as the stout *Amphialus* had out-worn
 The danger of his Wounds, and made return
 Into the Martial-Camp, there to maintain
 His new-got Honour, and to entertain
 Aggrieved Challengers, that shall demand
 Or seek for satisfaction from his hand,
 An armed Knight came prancing o'er the Plain
 Denouncing War, and breathing forth Disdain.

our Dam'sels usher'd him in sable Weeds,
 and four came after, all on Mourning-Steeds;
 his curious Armour was so painted over
 With lively shadows, that you might discover
 the Image of a gaping Sepulchre,
 about the which were scatter'd here and there
 some dead Mens bones; his Horse was black as Jet,
 his Furniture was round about beset
 With branches split from the sad Cypress-Tree,
 his Bases (reaching far below the Knee)
 embroder'd o'er with Worms; Upon his shield,
 for his Impress, he had a beauteous Child,
 whose body had two heads, whereof the one
 appear'd quite dead, the other (drawing on)
 did seem to gasp for breath, and underneath,
 his Motto was subscrib'd *From Death by Death.*
 thus arm'd to point, he sent his bold Desie
 for *Amphialus*, who sent as quick Reply.
 forthwith, being summon'd by the Trumpets sound;
 they start: but brave *Amphialus* that found
 the Knight had miss'd his Rest, (as yet not met)
 turning to take advantage, would not let
 his Launce descend, nor (bravely passing by)
 encounter his befriended Enemy.

Whereat the *angry Knight* (not apt to brook
 such insupportable mishap) forsook
 his white-mouth'd Steed, throwing his Launce aside,
 Which too too partial Fortune had deny'd
 fair Success) drew forth his *glittering Sword*:
 whereat *Amphialus* 'lighted, who (abhorr'd
 Conquest meerly by advantage gain'd,
 seeming it but robb'd, and not obtain'd)
 drew forth his Sword, and for a little space
 their strokes contended with an equal pace
 and fierceness: He herein did more discover
 Bravery than Anger, whilst the other

Bewray'd

Bewray'd more spleen than either skill or strength
 To manage it. *Amphialus* at length.
 With more than wonted ease, did batter so
 His ill-defended Armour, that each blow
 Open'd a door for Death to enter in.
 And now the Noble Conquerour does begin
 To hate so poor a Conquest, and disdain'd
 To take a Life so easily obtain'd;
 And mov'd with pity (stepping back) he said
 His unresisted violence, and said,
*Sir Knight, contest no more, but take the peace
 Of your own passion; let the Combat cease;
 Seek not your causeless Ruin; turn your Arm
 (Better employ'd) 'gainst such as wish you harm;
 Husband your Life before it be too late;
 Fall not by him that ne'er deserv'd your hate.*
 To whom the Knight return'd these words again
*Thou ly'st, false Traitor, and I here disclaim
 Both words and mercy with a base Defie,
 And to thy throat my Sword shall turn the Lye.*
 To whom *Amphialus*: *Uncivil Knight,*
Courageous in nothing but in spite,
*And base discourtesie, thou soon shalt know
 Whether thy tongue betrays thy heart, or no.*
 And as he spake, he gave him such a Wound
 Upon the Neck, as struck him to the ground;
 And with the fall, his Sword (that now deny
 All mercy) fiercely tilts into his side.
 That done, he loos'd his Helmet, with intent
 To make his over-lavish Tongue repent
 Of the base Words he had so basely said,
 Or else to crop him shorter by the head.
 Who ever saw the illustrious Eye of Noon
 (New broken from a gloomy Cloud) send down
 His Earth-rejoicing Glory, and display
 His Golden Beams upon the Sons of Day?

ven so, the Helmet being gone, a fair
nd lovely treasure of unbraided Hair
er-spread the shoulders of the vanquish'd Knight
Whose now discover'd Visage (in despite
f neighb'ring Death) did witness and proclaim
A sovereign Beauty in *Parthenia's* Name;
And she it was indeed; see how she lies
miling on Death, as if her blessed Eyes,
Bless'd in her best Desires) had espy'd
His face already for whose sake she dy'd!
The Lillies and the Roses (that while'er
trove in her cheeks, till they compounded there)
Have broke their Truce, and freshly fall'n to blows:
Behold, the Lilly hath o'ercome the Rose!
Her Alabaster-Neck (that did outgo
Th' Doves in whiteness, or the new-fall'n Snow)
Was stain'd with blood, as if the Red did seek
Protection there, being banish'd from her Cheek:
So full of sweetness was her dying Face,
That Death had not the power to displace
Her Native Beauty, only by a translation
Moulded and cloath'd it in a newer fashion.

But now *Amphialus* (in whom Grief and Shame
Of this unlucky Victory, did claim
An equal Interest) prostrate on the Earth,
Accurs'd his Sword, his Arm, his hour of Birth;
Casting his Helmet and his Gauntlet by,
His undissembled tears did testifie
What Words could not: But finding her Estate
More apt for Help then Grief, (tho' both too late)
Crept on his knees, and begging pardon of her,
His hands (his often cursed hands) did proffer
Their needless help, and with his life to shew
What honour a devoted heart could do.
Whereto *Parthenia* (whose expiring breath
Gave speedy signs of a desired death)

Turning

Turning her fix'd (but oft recalled) eyes
Upon *Amphialus* faintly thus replies :

Sir, you have done enough, and I require
No more: Your hands have done what I desire,
What I expect; and if against your will,
The better : so I wish your favours still
Yet one thing more (if Enemies may sue)
I crave, which is to be untouch'd by you;
And as for Honour, all that I demand,
Is, not to purchase Honour from your hand.
No, no; 'tis no such bargain made that he
Whose hands had kill'd my Arg'lus should help me.
Your hands have done enough, I crave no more,
And for the deed sake I forgive the doer.
What then remains, but that I go to rest
With Argalus, and so be repossest'd
Of him, with him for ever to abide,
E'er since whose Death I have so often dy'd?
And there she fainted (even as if the Clock
Of Death had given a warning e'er it struck.)
But soon returning to her self again:
Welcome, sweet Death, said she, whose minutes pain
Shall crown this Soul with everlasting pleasure;
Come, come, and welcome, I attend thy leisure.
Delay me not, Oh! do me not that wrong;
My Argalus will chide I stay so long.
Oh! now I feel the Guardian knotted bands
Of Life unt'y'd. Oh Heav'ns! into your hands
I recommend my better part, with trust
To find you much more merciful than just,
(Yet truly just withal) Oh Life! Oh Death!
I call you to be witness, that this breath
Ne'er drew a blast of Comfort since that hour
My Argalus dy'd. Oh thou Eternal Power!
Abroud all my faults beneath the milk-white Veil
Of thy dear Mercy; and when this Tongue shall fail
To speak, Oh then! —————

And

And as she spake [*Oh then!*] Oh then she left
To speak! and being suddenly bereft
Of Words, the fatal Sister did divide
Her slender twine of Life, and so she dy'd.

So dy'd *Parthenia*, in whose closed eyes
The World of Beauty and Perfection lies,
Lock'd up by Angels (as a thing divine)
From mortal eyes, whilst her Virtues shine
In perfect Glory, in the Throne of Glory,
Leaving the World no Relick, but the story
Of Earths Perfection, for the mouth of Fame
To consecrate to her Eternal Name;

Which shall survive (if Muses can divine)
(Tho' not in these poor Monuments of mine)
To th' end of days, and by these looser Rhimes
shall be deliver'd to succeeding times.

So long as Beauty shall but find a friend,
Parthenia's lasting Fame shall never end.
Till to be truly Virtuous, to be Chast,
Beheld a Sin, *Parthenia's* Name shall last.

Thus when *Amphialus* had put out this Lamp,
This Lamp of Honour, he forsook the Camp,
And like a willing Pris'ner was confin'd
To the strict limits of a troubled mind.

No Jury need b' impannell'd or agreed
Upon the Verdict, none t' attest the deed;
None to give Sentence in the Judgment-hall:
Himself was Witness, Jury, Judge and all.

Where now we leave him, whilst we turn our eyes
Upon *Parthenia's* Woman, whose fierce cries
Inforce a helpless Audience: *It is said,*

When Troy was taken, such a cry was made.
One snatch'd *Parthenia's* Sword, resolv'd to die
Parthenia's death: Another raving by

trove for the Weapon; thro' which eager strife
They both were hinder'd and each sav'd a Life.

Others, whom wiser passion had taught how
To grieve at easier rates, did rudely throw
Their careless Bodies on the purple floor;
Where sprinkling dust upon their heads, they tore
Their trangl'd hair, and Garments drench'd in tears
And cry'd, as if *Parthenia's* blessed ears
Could hear the voice of Grief, such Grievs as wou
Return her from her Glory, if they could,
Each heart was turn'd a Wardrobe of true Passion
Where Grievs were clothed in a several fashion.
Sometimes their sorrow would recal to view
Her Virtue, Chastness, Sweetness, and renew
Th' inwasted Passions, and oft-times they bann'd
Themselves for 'beying her unjust Command.
And now by this the mournful Trump of Fame
(Grown hoarse with very sorrow) did proclaim
And spread her doleful Tidings, whilst all ears
And eyes were fill'd with death and sliding tears:
Pity and sorrow, mix'd with adoration,
Became the three-fold subject of all Passion;
Grief went her progress thro' all hearts, and none
From the poor Cottage to the Princely Throne
Cou'd own a thought, whose best advice cou'd borrow
The smallest respite from th' extremes of sorrow.
But all this while *Basilus* Princely Breast,
As it commanded, so out-griev'd the rest;
His share was trebble; Hearts of Kings are deep
And close; what once they entertain, they keep
With violence, the violence of Passion
Admits no mean, as yet, no moderation.
But soon as Grief had done her private rights
And dues to Honour; Honour (that delights
In publick Service, and can make the breath
Of sighs and sobs to triumph over Death)
Call'd in Solemnity, with all her Train,
And Military Pomp, to entertain

Our welcome Mourners, whose slow paces tread
 The paths of Death, and with sad Triumph led
 The slumbring Body to that Bed of Rest,
 Where nothing can disquiet, or molest
 Her sacred Ashes, There entombed lay
 The valiant *Argalus*; and there, they say,
 E'er since, that time, th' *Arcadians* once a year
 Visit the Ruins of their Sepulchre,
 And in memorial of their faithful Loves,
 There built an Altar, where two milk-white Doves
 They yearly offer to the hallowed Fame
 Of *ARGALUS* and his *PARTHENIA*'s Name.



Hos ego Versiculos.

Like to the Damask Rose you see,
Or like the Blossom on the Tree;
Or like the dainty Flow'r of May,
Or like the Morning to the Day;
Or like the Sun, or like the Shade;
Or like the Gourd that Jonas had:
 Ev'n such is Man, whose thread is spun,
 Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.

The Rose withers, the Blossom blasteth,
The Flower fades, the Morning hasteth,
The Sun sets, the Shadow flies,
The Gourd consumes, and Man he dies.

Like to the blaze of fond delight,
Or like a Morning clear and bright;
Or like a Frost, or like a Shower,
Or like the Pride of Babel's Tower;
Or like the Hour that guides the Time,
Or like to Beauty in her prime:

 Ev'n such is Man, whose Glory lends
 His Life a blaze or two, and ends.

Delights vanish, the Morn o'ercasteth,
The Frost breaks, the Shower hasteth,
The Tower falls, the Hour spends,
The Beauty fades, and Man's Life ends.

F. Quarles.

The

The Author's Dream.

I.

MY Sins are like the Hairs upon my Head,
And raise their Audit to as high a score.
In this they differ: They do daily shed,
But ah! my Sins grow daily more and more.
If by my hairs thou number out my sins,
Heav'n make me bald before the day begins.

II.

My Sins are like the Sands upon the Shore,
Which ev'ry Ebb lays open to the Eye:
In this they differ; These are cover'd o'er
With every Tide, my Sins still open lie.
If thou wilt make my Head a Sea of Tears,
Oh! they will hide the Sins of all my Tears.

III.

My Sins are like the Stars within the Skies,
In view, in number, ev'n as bright, as great:
In this they differ; These do set and rise,
But ah! my Sins do rise, but never set.
Shine Sun of Glory, and my Sins are gone,
Like twinkling Stars before the rising Sun.

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